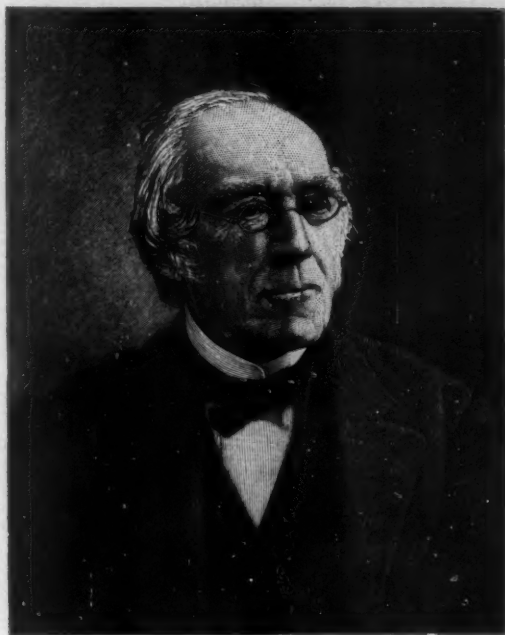


THE CONTINENT

Vol. III. No. 1.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 3, 1883.

Whole No. 47.



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PHILADELPHIA ABOLITIONISTS.

NO NATION on earth has quite the capacity for forgetting injuries that characterizes the American people. Where the brooding, sullen Saxon temperament is strongest, the clear sky, the swift winds and wide horizons of the new home, and the busy life as well, have altered hereditary characteristics and the capacity for resentment has lessened. Even when most deeply stirred the brutal element has, save in the lowest class, almost totally disappeared. Persistence to the point of doggedness until the end is gained, and then a good-humored shaking of hands and a taking for granted that all differences are buried and the future to hold a common purpose and a common progress to the same end, characterizes the American of to-day. And in the fear that his adversary's feelings may be wounded he refuses to preserve records of strife, and almost forgets himself how the quarrel went on or why it began at all.

The capacity for apology increases year by year. In the reaction against the intolerance and bigotry of our fathers, we forget the sturdy virtues such traits covered or represented. Some one has summed up the American character as a "mush of concession," and our treatment of offenders—whether the criminal pardoned out while the sound of the sentence to just punishment is

still in his ears, or the condoning of all offenses against social law and life—would seem to confirm the verdict. That an emergency finds always determined and resolute men and women ready for it, does not hinder the fact that the arising of such emergency could often have been prevented, had common sense or any wise forecast been used in the beginning. The eagerness to avoid offense and the determination to have every one as comfortable as possible stand always in the way of any review of past differences or future possibilities of difference. Reminiscence is frowned upon, and thus one of the most effectual means of developing manhood and genuine patriotism is lost. The boy's blood may tingle as he hears

"How well Horatius kept the bridge,
In the brave days of old;"

but the brave day that is but yesterday is a sealed book, its story, if told at all, given in a whisper subdued enough to prevent any possibility of discomfort for sensitive or squeamish listener.

"What was it all for, anyway?" asked a boy of twelve not long ago, who, in his school history of the United States had come to the civil war, and who, like a large proportion of the boys of this generation, found it of more remote interest even than the war of the

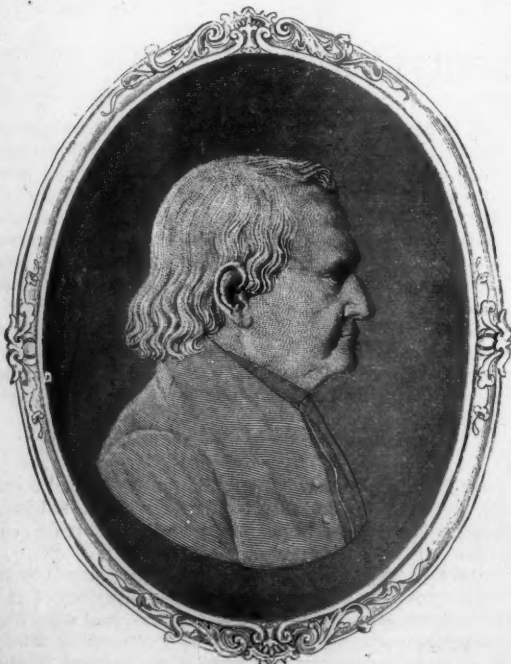
Revolution. His father had been one of its volunteers, and the family record held name after name of friends fallen in the conflict we are all forgetting, yet the child, true to our American theories, was growing up with no sense of what the issue meant, and with an impatient disregard of worn-out details.

We "love mercy" so well that we forget that the first clause of the old command is to "do justly," and so year by year the capacity for justice lessens. Keen moral sense is blunted, and life becomes more and more a system of shadings, and black and white, simply clouded, uncertain and dirty gray.

Such word seems necessary in beginning any mention of a party to whose unconquerable and marvelous persistence is due every result of good in the conflict which ended forever all need of their further work. That the early Abolitionists were often bitter, fierce, intolerant, was the inevitable consequence of an intense purpose, and the narrowness that, save in the rarest exceptions, is the necessary accompaniment of intensity. It is never the broad and quiet lake, knowing no obstruction, that rushes on to the sea. It is the stream shut in by rocks and fed from hidden sources that swells and deepens till no man's hand can bind or stay the sweeping current.

It is possible that the time has not yet come for dispassionate statement, but it is also a question if dispassionateness be the only quality it is worth while for Americans to cultivate. Too often it ends as indifference, and when that stage is reached progress becomes impossible. In spite of our modern tendencies, it is still worth while to feel strongly, to believe intensely, to live as if life had meaning, and there is no stronger incitement than the knowledge of earnest lives lived through difficulties of which we have but faintest conception, and ending often without any consciousness that their purposes had been recognized or their dreams become realities.

Quiet but always untiring and undaunted workers,



ISAAC T. HOPPER.

these steady, clear-eyed men and women passed over to the majority, and, like the workers of an earlier day, they "received not the promise, God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." Comprehension of their principles, loving remembrance of every faithful act is the only method in which through us they may have full sense of what their labor meant, and thus find the heart of the old words, which, if they mean anything, mean surely that till we do understand, their happiness lacks its full completion.

Philadelphia and Boston represent the most earnest work of a period, the fire and fervor of which are now almost incomprehensible. With Philadelphia, the first step taken was by William Penn, who, in his second visit, labored anxiously to undo certain results of his action which he had not foreseen. In 1685, sending over various directions to his deputies concerning servants to be employed, he had written: "It were better they were blacks, for then a man has them while they live." At this time negroes had been brought in in some numbers, and the most conscientious Friends held slaves, though as early as 1671 George Fox had advised the Friends in Barbadoes to "train up their slaves in the fear of God, to cause their overseers to deal mildly and gently with them, and, after certain years of servitude, they should make them free."

The necessity for such measures had become evident to Penn; and the German Friends who settled Germantown, and who, in 1688, brought before the Yearly Meeting the question "concerning the lawfulness and unlawfulness of buying and keeping negroes," pressed it still further upon his attention. By 1696 so many evils had resulted that advice was issued at the Yearly Meeting "that Friends be careful not to encourage the bringing in any more negroes; and that such that have negroes be careful of them, bring them to meetings, have meetings with them in their families, and restrain them from loose and lewd living as much as in them lies, and from rambling abroad on First-day or other times."

From this date began a very gradual emancipation, but eighty years passed before the entire prohibition of slaveholding was made part of the discipline of the society. In 1700 Penn brought before the Provincial Council a law for regulating the marriage of negroes, but it failed to pass, and the record tells how "he mourned over the state of the slaves, but his attempts to improve their condition by legal enactments were defeated in the house of Assembly."

In his own religious society he was more successful, the minute of the Monthly Meeting in the same year having this item: "Our dear friend and governor having laid before the meeting a concern that hath laid upon his mind for some time concerning the negroes and Indians; that Friends ought to be very careful in discharging a good conscience toward them in all respects, but more especially for the good of their souls, and that they might, as frequent as may be, come to meeting on First-days; upon consideration whereof this meeting concludes to appoint a meeting for the negroes, to be kept once a month, and that their masters give notice thereof in their own families and be present with them at the said meetings as frequent as may be."

Though charged with having died a slaveholder, it was certainly not because no proper means were taken for liberating his slaves, for in his will, made in 1701, Penn liberated every slave in his possession, the will being now in the hands of Thomas Gilpin, of Philadelphia, and containing this clause: "I give to my blacks



LEWIS TAPPAN.

their freedom as is under my hand already, and to old Sam one hundred acres, to be his children's, after he and his wife are dead, forever."

His intentions were not perfectly carried out, as is evident from one of James Logan's letters to Hannah Penn, written in 1721, and now to be seen in the Historical Society's rooms, in which he says: "The proprietor, in a will left with me at his departure hence, gave all his negroes their freedom, but *this is entirely private*; however, there are very few left." Any failure in action on his executors' part need not, however, be charged upon Penn himself, who must, without question, rank as the first Philadelphia Abolitionist.

Only an occasional remonstrance was heard at rare intervals for many years. The love of money and of power was too strong among the wealthy merchants of the city or the large planters in the outlying country, and nothing could be obtained from the Yearly Meeting but a mild suggestion that further importation of slaves was undesirable, while many a serious, drab-coated member argued with glibness in the same line of defense of oppression and avarice followed by Presbyterian and Episcopalian doctors of divinity, and, indeed, by the churches in general. Nothing could well be darker than the outlook, yet in that darkness a force was working unknown and unseen, the first visible spark showing itself at a point so remote and inconspicuous that it held no suggestion of the steady light soon to shine out with a glow and intensity that even to-day is as powerful as a hundred years ago.

Few souls since the Christian era began have held more of the spirit of the Master than that of John Woolman, living and dying in poverty and obscurity, yet leaving in his journal a record of self-denying labor so simple and tender, not only in spirit but in language also, that one need not wonder at Charles Lamb's enthusiasm as he wrote: "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart." Born in 1720, his first action against the principles of slavery was not taken till 1742, when, in drawing up an instrument for the transfer of a slave, he felt a sudden and strong scruple against such desecration of anything owning a soul. From this dated a life-long testimony against slavery, and for many years he traveled from point to point, never vehement or denunciatory, but pleading always, with a gentleness that proved irresistible, the cause of the oppressed.

In the meantime a quaint and curious figure had en-

tered the same way, but with small thought of persuasion or consideration. Coming to Philadelphia from the West Indies where he had become deeply interested in the condition of the slaves, Benjamin Lay, furious at finding the same evil existing there, shook off the dust of the faithless city and took up his dwelling a few miles out. Here he lived in a natural cave, slightly improved by a ceiling of beams, drinking only water from a spring near his door and eating only vegetables. He refused to wear any garment or eat any food whose manufacture or preparation involved the loss of animal life or was the result of slave labor. On the last point John Woolman was in full accord with him, but found it a struggle to wear the undyed homespun which he finally assumed, as the necessary badge of the simplicity he preached.

No concern for the prejudices or feelings of others hampered the career of the irrepressible Benjamin, whose figure was no less eccentric than his life. "Only four and a half feet high, hunchbacked, with projecting chest, legs small and uneven, arms longer than his legs, a huge head, showing only beneath the enormous white hat, large, solemn eyes and a prominent nose; the rest of his face covered with a snowy semi-circle of beard falling low on his breast," this fierce and prophetic brownie or kobold made unexpected dashes into the calm precincts of the Friends' meeting-houses, and was the gad-fly of every assembly. A fury of protest possessed him—a power of energetic denunciation absolutely appalling to the steady-minded Quakers. At one time when the Yearly Meeting was in progress, he suddenly appeared marching up the aisle in his long, white overcoat, regardless of the solemn silence prevailing.

He stopped suddenly when midway and exclaiming, "You slaveholders! Why don't you throw off your Quaker coats as I do mine, and show yourselves as you are?" at the same moment threw off his coat. Underneath was a military coat and a sword dangling against his heels. "Holding in one hand a large book, he drew his sword with the other. 'In the sight of God,' he cried, 'you are as guilty as if you stabbed your slaves to the heart, as I do this book!' suiting the action to the word, and piercing a small bladder filled with the juice of the poke-weed (*phytolacca decandra*),



LUCRETIA MOTT.

which he had concealed between the covers, and sprinkling as with fresh blood those who sat near him."

John Woolman's testimony was of quite another character, but Benjamin Lay was the counterpart as well as forerunner of many less rational agitators who in later years could never separate the offender from the sin often ignorantly and innocently committed. Offensive as his course was felt to be, it was one of the active forces which no doubt had aided in paving the way to the decisive action of 1758, a date important not only in the history of the anti-slavery cause but as one of the most important religious convocations the Christian church has ever known. Through the general business John Woolman sat silent, and silent, too, as one and another faithful Friend gave in their testimony against any further toleration of slavery as a system. - Then he rose and made an appeal, whose solemn tenderness still thrills every reader, and which, when eye and voice and all the influence of the gentle yet intensely earnest presence were added, rendered more than momentary op-



J. MILLER M'KIM.

position impossible. Then and there the meeting agreed that the injunction of our Lord and Saviour to do to others as we would that others should do to us, should induce Friends who held slaves "to set them at liberty, making a Christian provision for them," and four Friends—John Woolman, John Scarborough, Daniel Stanton and John Sykes—were approved of as suitable persons to visit and treat with such as kept slaves, within the limits of the meeting.

Naturally, outside these limits there was steady opposition. The record gives many years of effort in which only a proportion could be brought to admit the injustice or wrong of slavery, but it was a proportion that increased yearly. Through all weariness and discouragement John Woolman went his patient way, journeying on foot wherever in the widely-separated settlements the voice of the oppressed seemed to call, and leaving always behind him a memory of pitying love and devotion, before which all defenses fell. But the practice, though abating, required more active measures, and in 1776 came the final action of the Yearly Meeting, all subordinate meetings being then directed to *deny the right of membership* to such as persisted in holding their

fellow-men as property. Four years before this consummation for which he had spent his life, John Woolman had passed on to the unhampered life and work of a country where bond and free are equal. Deep hopelessness came for a time on those who had worked with him, and who, as he passed from sight, murmured again the sad old words, "we thought this had been he who should have redeemed Israel."

But the thread in this apostolical succession was not lost. If transmigration were an admissible theory, one might say that the soul of John Woolman sought some fitting medium to continue its work, and found lodgment in the baby that in December, 1771, opened its eyes on a world through which it journeyed with all the energy and purpose that had led the elder man—with all his sweetness too, but with a courageous cheer the frailer body had never known. For Isaac Hopper came of sturdy stock, and, though Quaker on one side of the house, did not become a member of the Society of Friends till he was twenty-two, and then through the preaching of William Savery and Mary Ridgeway, two Friends who were often heard in the Philadelphia meetings. Through William Savery's agency Elizabeth Fry turned to the work which he had prophesied would be hers, and which in later life became Isaac Hopper's also. Already the Pennsylvania Abolition Society had been formed, and in his early boyhood Isaac Hopper had had his first experience in aiding a fugitive slave to elude pursuit, and find quarters where none could molest or make him afraid. Married in 1795 and settling permanently in Philadelphia, he became at once a leading member of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, as well as one of the overseers of a school for colored children, a memorial of Anthony Benezet, a French Huguenot by birth, whose house remained standing on Chestnut street until 1840. Anthony is described as "a small, eager-faced man, full of zeal and activity, constantly engaged in works of benevolence, which were by no means confined to the blacks, and who was an untiring friend to the unhappy Acadians, many of whom were landed in Philadelphia by the ships which brought them from Nova Scotia."

In this school, and in one founded later for colored adults, he taught two or three evenings each week for many years, and had become known throughout Philadelphia as the friend and legal adviser of colored people under every emergency. From 1795 to 1829, when he removed to New York, each year held its record of courage and zeal in a work more and more necessary as time went on. Runaways were constantly passing through the city, and the laws of that date were neither understood nor attended to. Whenever a negro arrested as a fugitive slave was discharged for want of proof, no fee was paid, but if the verdict made him a slave, and he was surrendered to his claimant, from five to twenty dollars were given to the magistrate. Naturally they made the most of any facts in favor of slavery, and thus there was never wanting opportunity for the efforts of men like Hopper, who took delight in suddenly confounding and upsetting the best-laid plans. A volume would be necessary for the stories which Father Hopper in later years told to all who questioned, and many of which were printed in the *Anti-Slavery Standard* and other organs of the society, a mine for all who would know the spirit and purpose of one of the most intense and persistent struggles ever made on American soil. Appeal was seldom resorted to, for Father Hopper's wit was as keen as his heart was big, and his personal presence so strong and impressive that even his enemies looked with an admiration they could



MARY GREW.

not repress on the noble face and figure of this smiling marplot of all their schemes. With a sense of humor that seemed always to conflict slightly with his Quaker garb and principles, he had also the power of an indignation that could scorch and shrivel; and like all men who have the courage of their convictions, made enemies, who in some cases, after a fury of opposition, turned about and became the strongest of friends.

The yearly meetings of the Anti-Slavery Society brought together a list of names each one representing individualities so marked and positive that only the fervor of a common purpose could have made working together practicable. In that early group women were as prominent as at a later day, and among them all none was more completely oblivious of self than Abigail Goodwin, who lived to see the last chain broken, after seventy-four years of unwearying effort. Her own clothes were patched and forlorn far beyond those of the average beggar, but worn with a calm unconsciousness of their extraordinary character; and, indeed, few who looked on the earnest face, with its half-sad, half-humorous intensity, stopped to consider what garb was worn. She worked for the slave as a mother works for her own children, begging garments which she mended or made over indefatigably; knitting bag after bag of stockings, and sitting up half the night to earn some petty sum turned over instantly to the society. She wrote for every anti-slavery journal, begged in every direction for money, implored friends to take stock in the Underground Railroad, and to the last day of her life burned with an actual passion of good-will; and, it must be added, an equal inability to conceive that a slaveholder might also have some conception of justice and humanity.

Her belief was shared by another woman, equally notable and among the earliest organizers in such work—Esther Moore, the wife of Dr. Robert Moore. The passage of the Fugitive Slave bill necessarily intensified all feeling and made dispassionate thought impossible, and though nearly eighty when this crowning iniquity became a portion of United States law, she worked against the results with the eagerness of her youth. For many years she had begged that special notification should be sent her of every fugitive who passed through

Philadelphia, and during the whole time made it her business to supply to each one a gold dollar, the Society being barely able to defray their expenses on to the next station, with no provision for wants when the final one was reached. With larger personal means than Abigail Goodwin, she denied herself in all possible ways that the little coin might be always ready for the empty hand, and almost her last injunction was: "Write to Oliver Johnson, and tell him I die firm in the faith. Mind the slave!"

"Mind the slave!" was the watchword for all. Depression seems to have been unknown. In fact, there was no time for depression, for between the opposition, which is always a stimulant, and the actual work of providing food, clothing and means for the throng of fugitives, there was unflinching and unceasing occupation for all. High-hearted courage and self-sacrifice inspired all alike, and the mere coming together of men and women animated by a profound conviction was in itself almost a Pentecost.

In removing from Philadelphia Isaac Hopper's interest was in degree transferred to the New York society, and the work he had done passed into the hands of Thomas Shipley, for many years President of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, of which he became an active member in 1817. Opposition made no impression upon him, and he devoted every energy of his powerful and judicial mind to defense not only of the principles he held, but of every one who needed their application, the thousands who followed him to his grave, in 1836, being the best witnesses of what his life had done for both black and white. Almost the same words might be said of Thomas Garrett, who, though living in Wilmington, was a familiar figure in every public meeting at Philadelphia, and who, while as unobtrusive as Daniel Gibbons, another of the earlier worthies, fought to the end with unceasing vigor, not only for the slave, but for every cause affecting the public good. To give the complete roll of these names, each one deserving full biography, is impossible in present limits, but there is ample material and opportunity for a series of lives, which, if properly given, should hold no less power and fascination than those of Plutarch.

As one by one the names on the society roll received the significant asterisk, new ones, to become no less honored and honorable, took their places. Popular feeling, which, contrary to received belief, is by no means



GRACE ANNA LEWIS.

always the voice of God, became more and more embittered against the movement. Riots had taken place not only in Boston and New York, but in the more law-abiding Philadelphia. Abolitionists were regarded as disturbers of the public peace, interferers with private business and profit, and murmurs of indignation turned at last to veritable howls. The passage of the Fugitive Slave bill did more to intensify conviction on both sides and to precipitate the issue of ten years later than any act of the fifty years of steadily increasing oppression by which it had been preceded. Fanaticism had lessened and the society held names representing the broadest and deepest culture of the time, that of Dr. Furness holding a power hardly less than that of Dr. Channing. A man consecrated to the scholar's life, both by inheritance and personal tastes, he turned from "the still air of delightful studies" to a conflict, endurable only because its failure or success meant the failure or success of every moral question. The men who banded together in that pregnant ten years, Furness, Charles Cleveland, Miller McKim, Tappan, the Burleighs, Birney, Peirce, and the "honorable women not a few," Lucretia Mott, Mary Grew, the Lewis sisters, did a work in which lay the seed of every reform we complacently regard as the effect of our republican institutions. There were years in which these much-vaunted institutions covered as absolute a despotism as that of Russia, church and state uniting to preserve established order, and threatening with the terrors of the law any rash soul who questioned their justice. Such fate overtook Passmore Williamson, who accepted imprisonment as the price of free speech; and who, though pelted with abuse as abductor, rioter and disturber of the public peace, left his prison with the knowledge that the months, so far from being lost time, had worked for him beyond any power he alone could have ever had.

Day by day stories more thrilling than any page has ever held were poured into the ears of the society. The Underground Railroad worked day and night transferring fugitives, and covered its operations so perfectly that until the time came when the need for concealment ended no one outside the organization knew its officers or its methods. The full story has been told by William

Still in a book which ought to be far better known than it is, holding, as it does, the record of the Philadelphia branch of the road, and giving the results of all the years of organization. The incredible perils and hardships of the innumerable fugitives are only exceeded by the self-denying lives of the men and women who, for the sake of a principle, sacrificed ease and wealth and all personal ambition, and gave themselves and all they had to the work of redemption. No name in the long list shines with purer light than that of Lucretia Mott, who united absolute fidelity to every private responsibility with a devotion to the highest public duties that has had hardly a parallel. Protestation was her birthright, for on the mother's side she was descended from old Peter Folger, also the ancestor of Franklin, who sent out from Nantucket, in 1676, a vigorous testimony to the need of religious toleration for all. His "A Looking-Glass for the Times" is "one long jet of manly, ungrammatical, valiant doggerel," and at the end, determined to evade no responsibility, he "wove his name and his place of abode into the tissue of his verse," that all might know who he was and where he could be found if need arose.

This blood, tempered by that of the Coffins and Macys, and subdued by generations of Quaker discipline, never lost a certain effervescing quality, and to the day of her death Lucretia Mott's lambent eyes were witness to the nature of the spirit that dwelt within. The "consecration and the dream" were never divided. An almost perfect marriage—a life that dwelt in her home and children, yet opened wide to every noble thought and aim, assured her personal happiness and made inevitable trials light. She could denounce, but her mind was judicial, and she saw always both sides of a question, presenting them with a candor that at times enraged the more narrow and prejudiced members. Her life is still to be written, but in the long line of Philadelphia Abolitionists no name can ever hold more honor or dearer remembrance. The old days are past and the generation that knew them is passing too. They die, but their work is immortal, and whether forgotten or remembered, without it the republic would have been a failure and social progress a vain dream.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

THE HEART'S ANGEL.

Across the sea, the shining, Southern sea,
Is one with whom I am so fain to be,
Though well I know her heart has turned from me.

Fly through this misty, rainy, Northern air,
Fly, Love, to her! fly, eager Love, even where
The purple South smiles warm and flushed and fair!

Speak to her of the days, the by gone days,
When light was on us from thy godlike face,
When two hearts triumphed in thy sovereign grace.

Bring buried twilights round her till she feel
As once she felt; through all her sweet heart steal
That love that sealed my life as with a seal.

Blend for her ear in magic symphonies
The roar and thunder of wild, wintry seas
With drowsy humming of September bees.

Stand by her, Love, where fast in sleep she lies,
And drop for me on her dear mouth and eyes
A kiss which for my longing may suffice.

Be thou to her as song and scent and shine—
Let all thy dearest memories combine
To turn again that queenliest heart to mine.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

"FOR PITY'S SAKE, A LITTLE EARTH."

POOR Mrs. Carlyle! Mrs. James Carlyle, not Mrs. Thomas. What *she* may have had to endure is another thing. But the mother of Carlyle, how is she to be commiserated! By one remark of hers furnishing a text for her son's condemnation, by his chosen biographer—"Gey ill to live with"—a remark made, we are not told when, under circumstances we are not told what. A mother, with a love unbounded for her son—a love which, in spite of her own strong belief and unswerving orthodoxy, no amount of speculation or unbelief on his part could chill. A love, too, which was returned in an extraordinary manner by her son, based on thorough respect, and heightened by that very faith he to the last so highly extolled.

"A woman to me," is his first record of her, "of the fairest descent, that of the pious, the just and the wise." "To her care for body and soul" he never ceased to acknowledge that "he owed endless gratitude." "Oh, for faith!" he cries; "Truly the greatest God-announcing miracle always is faith. I often look on my mother (nearly the only genuine believer I know of) with a kind of sacred admiration!" . . . "True belief has done some evil in the world, but it has done all the good that was ever done in it from the time when Moses saw the Burning Bush, and *believed* it to be God appointing him deliverer of his people, down to the last act of belief that you and I executed. Good never came from aught else." . . . Had we read the closing paragraphs of Froude's life of Carlyle before we began the book, it is possible it would have been read with less pain. "It is the nature of men," he says, "to dwell on the faults of those who stand above them. They are comforted by perceiving that the person whom they have heard so much admired was but of common clay after all." Remarkable words! For those who delight in flaws, and search for them as record-reading geologists search for insects in amber, no doubt the avidity with which every smallest fly is seized upon and held under a focus that will remit no deformity, will add zest to the perusal of the book. "*No better than we* after all! Common clay! We may lie upon our oars," they can exclaim. "The nature of men!" And must it be pandered to?

To any reader who is enough of a man not to be "comforted" by perceiving the faults of those above him, the very first words of the preface are painful to the extreme.

"Mr. Carlyle expressed a desire in his will that of him no biography should be written. I find the same reluctance in his journal. No one, he said, was likely to understand a history, the secret of which was unknown to his dearest friends. He hoped that his wishes would be respected." Then his gathering of his wife's letters, himself preparing them for publication, with "added notes and introductory explanations," as a "last sacred duty," and which he intended as "a monument to a character of extreme beauty," he thought "would be sufficient for the public as a record of himself." "Had he rested here," says Froude, "my duty would have been clear." But "two years later, soon after he had made his will, Carlyle discovered that, whether he wished it or not, a life, or perhaps various

lives of himself, would certainly appear when he was gone."

Perhaps Mr. Froude, with diligent research, could have given the names and possibly shown some defects in other great men who were waiting, scalpel in hand, their chance at "one above them." Would he have censured them? Does he not rather sanction their audacity? He says: "When a man has exercised a large influence on the minds of his contemporaries the world requires to know whether his own actions have corresponded with his teaching, and whether his moral and personal character entitles him to confidence. This is not idle curiosity; it is a legitimate demand." Then naming Byron, Burns and others in proof, he closes with this Froudish inference, "showing that the public will not be satisfied without sifting the history of its men of genius to the last grain of fact which can be ascertained about them." Future aids and helpers to the biography of Froude! Have you letters in your possession? Keep them under locks that cannot be picked. The time is coming when the last grain of fact in the most familiar of them may be worth "to the public" its weight in gold. "Carlyle knew that he could not escape," adds Froude. Poor man! He had a friend, however, to whom to turn. A friend, not "an enemy," to "write a book for him!" Had it been an enemy "we might have borne it." His autobiographical documents, "with his journals and the whole of his correspondence, he made over to me, with unfettered discretion to use in any way that I might think good." Royal trust! Worthy of a royal keeper. But what arose before the biographer? Carlyle? No. "The public!" And in the public all that accrues from success!

"In the papers thus in my possession," he continued, "Carlyle's history, external and spiritual, lay out before me as a map. . . . By selecting chosen passages out of his own and his wife's letters, by exhibiting the fair and beautiful side of the story only, it would have been easy, *without suppressing a single material point*" (mark the expression) "to draw a picture of a faultless character." What an admission! And yet he goes further. "When the devil's advocate has said his worst against Carlyle he leaves a figure still of unblemished integrity, purity, loftiness of purpose and inflexible resolution to do right, as of a man living consciously under his Maker's eye, and with his thoughts fixed on the account which he would have to render of his talents." After this wonderful panegyric, how much strength can we find, with the largest charity, in the excuse he gives for not having, as he says he could have done, "produced a portrait as agreeable, and at least as faithful, as those of the favored saints in the Catholic calendar." The excuse is, "it would have been a portrait without individuality." Then are all men so pure, so full of integrity, so saintly, as well as so original and grasping that such a character would have been absorbed in the great mass unnoticed! Again, he draws a further sanction for this flaw-hunting and magnifying from poor dead Carlyle himself. Not remembering that possibly the recollection of shortcomings and sharp sayings under stress of pain, vexation, poverty and toil from his

always the voice of God, became more and more embittered against the movement. Riots had taken place not only in Boston and New York, but in the more law-abiding Philadelphia. Abolitionists were regarded as disturbers of the public peace, interferers with private business and profit, and murmurs of indignation turned at last to veritable howls. The passage of the Fugitive Slave bill did more to intensify conviction on both sides and to precipitate the issue of ten years later than any act of the fifty years of steadily increasing oppression by which it had been preceded. Fanaticism had lessened and the society held names representing the broadest and deepest culture of the time, that of Dr. Furness holding a power hardly less than that of Dr. Channing. A man consecrated to the scholar's life, both by inheritance and personal tastes, he turned from "the still air of delightful studies" to a conflict, endurable only because its failure or success meant the failure or success of every moral question. The men who banded together in that pregnant ten years, Furness, Charles Cleveland, Miller McKim, Tappan, the Burleighs, Birney, Peirce, and the "honorable women not a few," Lucretia Mott, Mary Grew, the Lewis sisters, did a work in which lay the seed of every reform we complacently regard as the effect of our republican institutions. There were years in which these much-vaunted institutions covered as absolute a despotism as that of Russia, church and state uniting to preserve established order, and threatening with the terrors of the law any rash soul who questioned their justice. Such fate overtook Passmore Williamson, who accepted imprisonment as the price of free speech; and who, though pelted with abuse as abductor, rioter and disturber of the public peace, left his prison with the knowledge that the months, so far from being lost time, had worked for him beyond any power he alone could have ever had.

Day by day stories more thrilling than any page has ever held were poured into the ears of the society. The Underground Railroad worked day and night transferring fugitives, and covered its operations so perfectly that until the time came when the need for concealment ended no one outside the organization knew its officers or its methods. The full story has been told by William

Still in a book which ought to be far better known than it is, holding, as it does, the record of the Philadelphia branch of the road, and giving the results of all the years of organization. The incredible perils and hardships of the innumerable fugitives are only exceeded by the self-denying lives of the men and women who, for the sake of a principle, sacrificed ease and wealth and all personal ambition, and gave themselves and all they had to the work of redemption. No name in the long list shines with purer light than that of Lucretia Mott, who united absolute fidelity to every private responsibility with a devotion to the highest public duties that has had hardly a parallel. Protestation was her birthright, for on the mother's side she was descended from old Peter Folger, also the ancestor of Franklin, who sent out from Nantucket, in 1676, a vigorous testimony to the need of religious toleration for all. His "A Looking-Glass for the Times" is "one long jet of manly, ungrammatical, valiant doggerel," and at the end, determined to evade no responsibility, he "wove his name and his place of abode into the tissue of his verse," that all might know who he was and where he could be found if need arose.

This blood, tempered by that of the Coffins and Macys, and subdued by generations of Quaker discipline, never lost a certain effervescing quality, and to the day of her death Lucretia Mott's lambent eyes were witness to the nature of the spirit that dwelt within. The "consecration and the dream" were never divided. An almost perfect marriage—a life that dwelt in her home and children, yet opened wide to every noble thought and aim, assured her personal happiness and made inevitable trials light. She could denounce, but her mind was judicial, and she saw always both sides of a question, presenting them with a candor that at times enraged the more narrow and prejudiced members. Her life is still to be written, but in the long line of Philadelphia Abolitionists no name can ever hold more honor or dearer remembrance. The old days are past and the generation that knew them is passing too. They die, but their work is immortal, and whether forgotten or remembered, without it the republic would have been a failure and social progress a vain dream.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

THE HEART'S ANGEL.

Across the sea, the shining, Southern sea,
Is one with whom I am so fain to be,
Though well I know her heart has turned from me.

Fly through this misty, rainy, Northern air,
Fly, Love, to her! fly, eager Love, even where
The purple South smiles warm and flushed and fair!

Speak to her of the days, the by gone days,
When light was on us from thy godlike face,
When two hearts triumphed in thy sovereign grace.

Bring buried twilights round her till she feel
As once she felt; through all her sweet heart steal
That love that sealed my life as with a seal.

Blend for her ear in magic symphonies
The roar and thunder of wild, wintry seas
With drowsy humming of September bees.

Stand by her, Love, where fast in sleep she lies,
And drop for me on her dear mouth and eyes
A kiss which for my longing may suffice.

Be thou to her as song and scent and shine—
Let all thy dearest memories combine
To turn again that queenliest heart to mine.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

"FOR PITY'S SAKE, A LITTLE EARTH."

POOR Mrs. Carlyle! Mrs. James Carlyle, not Mrs. Thomas. What *she* may have had to endure is another thing. But the mother of Carlyle, how is she to be commiserated! By one remark of hers furnishing a text for her son's condemnation, by his chosen biographer—"Gey ill to live with"—a remark made, we are not told when, under circumstances we are not told what. A mother, with a love unbounded for her son—a love which, in spite of her own strong belief and unswerving orthodoxy, no amount of speculation or unbelief on his part could chill. A love, too, which was returned in as extraordinary a manner by her son, based on thorough respect, and heightened by that very faith he to the last so highly extolled.

"A woman to me," is his first record of her, "of the fairest descent, that of the pious, the just and the wise." "To her care for body and soul" he never ceased to acknowledge that "he owed endless gratitude." "Oh, for faith!" he cries; "Truly the greatest God-announcing miracle always is faith. I often look on my mother (nearly the only genuine believer I know of) with a kind of sacred admiration!" . . . "True belief has done some evil in the world, but it has done all the good that was ever done in it from the time when Moses saw the Burning Bush, and *believed* it to be God appointing him deliverer of his people, down to the last act of belief that you and I executed. Good never came from aught else." . . . Had we read the closing paragraphs of Froude's life of Carlyle before we began the book, it is possible it would have been read with less pain. "It is the nature of men," he says, "to dwell on the faults of those who stand above them. They are comforted by perceiving that the person whom they have heard so much admired was but of common clay after all." Remarkable words! For those who delight in flaws, and search for them as record-reading geologists search for insects in amber, no doubt the avidity with which every smallest fly is seized upon and held under a focus that will remit no deformity, will add zest to the perusal of the book. "*No better than we* after all! Common clay! We may lie upon our oars," they can exclaim. "The nature of men!" And must it be pandered to?

To any reader who is enough of a man not to be "comforted" by perceiving the faults of those above him, the very first words of the preface are painful to the extreme.

"Mr. Carlyle expressed a desire in his will that of him no biography should be written. I find the same reluctance in his journal. No one, he said, was likely to understand a history, the secret of which was unknown to his dearest friends. He hoped that his wishes would be respected." Then his gathering of his wife's letters, himself preparing them for publication, with "added notes and introductory explanations," as a "last sacred duty," and which he intended as "a monument to a character of extreme beauty," he thought "would be sufficient for the public as a record of himself." "Had he rested here," says Froude, "my duty would have been clear." But "two years later, soon after he had made his will, Carlyle discovered that, whether he wished it or not, a life, or perhaps various

lives of himself, would certainly appear when he was gone."

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first childish recollection until Froude is done with him, might have been the cause of his desire and "will" to have no biography, his biographer says: "Least of all men could such an idealizing be ventured with Carlyle, to whom untruth of any kind was abominable. If he was to be known at all, he chose to be known as he was; with his angularities, his sharp speeches, his special peculiarities, meritorious or unmeritorious—precisely as they had been given." Ah, that is Mr. Froude's idea! If those had been Carlyle's own words we might have come nearer believing them. He does, indeed, try to prove them by quoting what Carlyle wrote as to his own idea of biography, when speaking of Lockhart's "Life of Scott." But it is a very different one from his own, after all. Broad as is Carlyle's idea of a biographer's privilege, he still says, in the same connection: "In speaking of the man and men he has to do with he will, of course, keep all his charities about him, but all his eyes open. Far be it from him to set down aught untrue; nay, not to abstain from and leave in oblivion much that is true." Does that imply the "last grain of fact"?

A quotation from Carlyle's "Life of Schiller" shows the same spirit. He says, near the close of that fair and beautiful life: "Such were the prevailing habits of Schiller: that, in the mild and beautiful brilliancy of their aspect, there must have been some specks and imperfections, the common lot of poor humanity, who knows not? That these were small and transient, we judge from the circumstance that scarcely any hint of them has reached us; nor are we anxious to obtain a full description of them. For practical uses we can sufficiently conjecture what they were, and the heart desires not to dwell upon them. This man is passed away from our dim and tarnished world; let him have the benefit of departed friends; let him be transfigured in our thoughts, and shine there without the little blemishes that clung to him in life." And in his "Life of Cromwell," after trying to make the best of some unproven charge against him, he ends with the heart-wrung exclamation, "Alas, all calumny and carrion, does it not incessantly cry, 'Earth, O, for pity's sake, a little earth!'"

Had Froude chosen to use as a refrain some of the good and praiseworthy expressions, repeating them even once, not to say half as many times as he has the fatal "Gey ill to live with," it would have seemed a little less the work of a harsh and bitter pen. Had he enlarged on the fact that when a very little boy his mother taught him to read, and Carlyle adds, "I never remember when"—he might have concluded it was not as a little child he was "Gey ill to live with." Some mothers' sons who have been taught to read remember it. Nor when, at fourteen, he leaves home, need he quote it, when we have the touching picture of "both father and mother walking with him in the dark, frosty November morning through the village to set him on his way." Nor, after this, when "constant presents" went from mother to son and from son to mother—butter and cheese and "well-knitted socks," with "scarfs," "shawls," and other gifts from the city, from his own scant purse. If hard to live with, he seems to have been harder to live without. Then, when his health failed, when "Dyspepsia had him by the throat" and "doubt" crept in, and poverty stared him in the face, one vocation and then another falls away, disappointments follow one another, articles rejected, people turning cold shoulders, "everything growing hopelessly darker and darker," how does Froude speak of him then? He appreciates the situation. He says, "He was

attacked with dyspepsia, which never wholly left him, and in these early years soon assumed its more torturing form, like 'a rat gnawing at the pit of his stomach.'" The "D'Alembert's teachings" gnawing at more important vitals and "the Margaret Gordon business"—a trio of troubles, without the added poverty—one would think enough to demand the greatest charity. But no! After admitting them, he adds: "Reticence about his personal sufferings was at no time one of his virtues. . . Even the minor ailments to which our flesh is heir, and which most of us bear in silence, the eloquence of his imagination flung into forms like the temptations of a saint." But when he had written home to this mother of his illness and troubles, what was her message in reply? Anything about the "imagination"? Her son at home writes him she wishes him to come home, adding, "She esteems seeing you again and administering comfort to you as her highest felicity." This message we do not notice repeated.

So much for the life before marriage. Again we may say: Poor Mrs. Carlyle—this time Mrs. Thomas Carlyle. It is not to be denied that her life was one of frequent and peculiar trial. Yet there are here many and great occasions, had they been improved, for a biographer to show charity and fine theme for praise. First, the candor and extreme frankness with which he stated to her his own case—his disposition, ill-health, want of regular income. And she chose freely to accept the situation. Froude allows Carlyle the utmost truthfulness, and in that most touching of all sad records which he gives after her death, Carlyle uses these remarkable words: "She had from an early period formed her own little opinion about me (what an El Dorado to me, ungrateful being, blind, ungrateful, condemnable and heavy-laden, and crushed down into blindness by great misery as I oftenest was), and she never flinched from it for an instant, I think, or cared or counted what the world said to the contrary (very brave, magnanimous and noble truly she was in all this); but to have the world confirm her in it was always a sensible pleasure, which she took no pains to hide, especially from me."

There is no need to go over what is familiar to all; but in it all and through it all the work (often by sheer force of necessity and will) accomplished—the tender conscience he ever manifested, the pride, almost reverence, with which his wife looked up to him; the effort to please, and joy in success in pleasing, in spite of weariness and loneliness, which she freely chose to share, and in which his own shoulders were always put to the wheel—in and through it all glows and burns, in spite of hasty words or seeming neglect, a strong, true, reliable love, that was an anchor to both their storm-beaten souls. And after she, who was the "light of his eyes," was suddenly snatched away, and the iron, a sense of inexorable separation, had entered his soul, were not his expressions of self-condemnation over any remembered act of selfishness or thoughtless neglect sufficiently poignant to satisfy any fair biographer and lead him, in very pity for the failures and remorse, as well as in honor to the long and noble struggle, to draw some slight veil over the silent dead, instead of looking to a "Public who demand the last grain of fact"?

"When the devil's advocate has said his worst against Carlyle, he leaves a figure still of unblemished integrity, purity, loftiness of purpose and inflexible resolution to do right, as of a man living consciously under his Maker's eye, and with his thoughts fixed on the account which he would have to render of his talents."

JULIA P. BALLARD.

• • • • • VETVS ANNVS • • • • •



SILENT and bowed and with averted face,
His sceptre broken—throneless and discrowned—
He waits the severing of the slender cord
That binds him to the living. A little while,
And gathered to the ages he will sleep
Among the centuries. What though he gave
To human thought and purpose high reward,
And crowned with living bays th' elect of Fame;
What though he wrote his name on History's page

In lines of vivid flame with pen of fire,—
Yet must he sink, as sinks a grain of sand
In the broad current that resistless bears
Its atoms to the sea. And they whose brows
He crowned, whose bosoms filled with sheaves,
Into whose cups he poured the oil and wine,
Inconstant, turn them to the young and new,
And greet the Coming Monarch with "All Hail!"

ELIZABETH W. GRISWOLD.



"THE STUDIO."—BY GEROME FERRIS.

ART IN THE QUAKER CITY.

ART at the present time is in a transition stage. Methods and ideas which commended themselves to a former generation with the force of immutable laws are no longer regarded as of vital consequence, while the experimental efforts of a new departure have not as yet entirely established themselves in the public esteem. The artists of the present day do not, perhaps, address themselves to the study of nature with any more lovingness than did their predecessors, but they do approach nature from a somewhat different standpoint, and limit their regard to a different order of pictorial facts. In truth, it is in the distinction which is made in our time

between facts that are essentially pictorial and those which have what might be called a scientific value, that the art of this latter part of the nineteenth century departs most widely from the art of the early and middle periods of the century, and from the art which preceded it, and which had its inspiration in the renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. This later nineteenth-century art has emancipated itself almost as completely from the direct influences of this renaissance as our literature has from the classical influences which once dominated it. The obligations of the art-workers of the present day to those of the renaissance is, of course,



"THE GRAY SKY'S FLECKED WITH WAN WHITE GLEAMS,
AND WAN AND WHITE BELOW."—BY T. B. CRAIG.

none the less in that they have succeeded in rejecting arbitrary codes built upon renaissance practices, and have taught themselves to consider nineteenth-century tastes from a nineteenth-century standpoint. The new departure means nothing more and nothing less than that the

artists of the present day have learned that they cannot see with other men's eyes nor think with other men's minds; and that if we are to have a living art which shall be able to make any proper appeals to the public at large, and which will deserve any large public apprecia-



"REFUGEES."—BY S. J. FERRIS.



"FOR WHOM ARE THESE?"—BY L. DELACHAUX.

tion, the artist must be, in the most literal sense of the term, a man of his own time, and must know how to use his faculties in accordance with the spirit of the time.

It is very true that the art of our time has not proved itself by any great monumental works. Perhaps it will never prove itself in this way, although while such a building as the Capitol at Washington—to say nothing of other monumental structures—fails to offer the true artists of the country any real opportunities, it cannot be said that later nineteenth-century art fails to be monumental because of the incapacity of its practitioners. If, however, the art of their times has accomplished nothing that can fairly rival the great works of the past, it assuredly has accomplished much that art in other times failed to do. If something has been lost much has been gained by the production of easel pictures and book illustrations. It is no small gain that superior artistic performances are scattered broadcast as they now are, for, to have such carefully-executed works as those which adorn the pages of the best illustrated periodicals go into innumerable homes which would never be brought under the influence of great monumental achievements, is of itself a matter of no little importance.

The Philadelphia Society of Artists is a very representative body of art-workers—representative from the point of view of the preceding remarks. Its membership embraces the principal Philadelphia artists, old and young, although there is a preponderance of young and active members, who are in more or less cordial sympathy with the advanced ideas of the day. This society in a particular manner

represents the business tact and enterprise which is a distinguishing feature of the artistic brotherhood of our time. It is worth saying, in this connection, that for an artist to be possessed of business enterprise does not necessarily imply that he sacrifices anything of the artistic spirit to the commercial idea. The time has never been when artists have not been willing and anxious to secure the largest possible pecuniary returns for their labors; but many a time and oft it has happened that the artistic fraternity has shown an incapacity to deal with the public on proper and business-like terms which distinctly recognize an intimate relation between value rendered and value received. Business talent and tact, in fact, represent public spirit and genuine *esprit de corps*, rather than sentiments less praiseworthy, and the peculiar success which the society under consideration has achieved very effectually demonstrates that the true interests of art are advanced rather than retarded when the artists are able to bring themselves into cordial business relations with their public, and are disposed to ask nothing for which a full valuation cannot be returned.

Nothing is more noteworthy in exhibitions of modern American work than the reflex influence of the now half-forgotten pre-Raphaelite movement of twenty years ago, together with the direct teaching acquired in the European schools. The painstaking care which was the first visible outcome of Mr. Ruskin's writings had



PERCÉ (CANADA) FISHING GIRL.—BY FRED JAMES.



"WINTER SPORT IN FLORIDA."—BY J. B. SWORD.

its day. The present writer recalls certain New York drawing-rooms whose walls were at that time covered with impossible landscapes, which linger in his memory as a sort of nightmare dream. He recalls, too, subsequent auction sales, through which, at not infrequent intervals, these same pictures found their way back to an omniverous public at prices which, in some cases, but not always by any means, covered the original cost of canvas and frames. Some of the enthusiastic young painters of that day, who gave themselves over to the new gospel, have worked out of it into modern methods; only one is now remembered who adheres to the faith as it was then taught, and his pictures are rarely seen outside of his own studio. If he had been obliged to depend on his brush for a living he would have fared hardly, unless, indeed, the stern



"WAITING FOR THE STAGE."—BY F. DE CRANO.



"ON THE SEINE."—BY BRUCE CRANE.

teaching of necessity had developed his noble native talent in a different direction.

The reaction came for really progressive artists in a leaning toward the opposite side of the scale, and the impressionists have gone as far toward mistiness as did the pre-Raphaelites toward microscopy. It is this swinging of the pendulum which is largely the life of art, and which lends its characteristics to any given period. So many Americans have studied abroad that they have largely acquired the French and German mannerisms. Some foreign critics of high standing have said that they have learned *all* that the European schools can teach. Certain it is that at the present time exhibitions in the larger cities afford

marked examples of Paris and Munich, and experts can even tell where an artist has studied by a glance at his work.

This is all as it should be. We have sent our children to the best schools to learn the rudiments, and now they are coming home to teach and be taught, for no artist ceases to learn while he can work intelligently. Already the results of this teaching are making themselves apparent in the work of the youngest artists. The travelers have come home and established schools, where it is possible to learn much that a few years ago could only have been acquired by a long residence abroad.

Out of this, sooner or later, will grow the long looked for American



"FINE WEATHER" (CAMPOBELLO, N. B.).—BY P. L. SENAT.

school. Not that such a school—distinctively speaking—is especially to be desired, but it is inevitable. Technical skill cannot long be coupled with intelligent study and not produce something worthily original.

The Philadelphia Society of Artists was organized on March 30th, 1877, and it was incorporated on July 14th, 1879. It started with a membership of seven, the fact that many similar attempts to secure co-operation among the art-workers of Philadelphia had failed to achieve results of consequence preventing many of the artists from participating at the start in the new venture. The seven original members, however, were enterprising and active, and they soon succeeded in demonstrating to the majority of their fellows that it was worth while to join hands with them, and the result was that the society grew and prospered, until it now numbers fifty active and two hundred and fifty contributing members. For the purpose of bringing the artists and the picture-loving public together, the society held a series of receptions at the Academy of the Fine Arts. These were so success-

ful that, in 1879, it was decided to try the experiment of holding an autumn exhibition. This exhibition was a great artistic and popular success, while that held in 1880 was even more so. The directors of the Academy of the Fine Arts having decided to hold their annual exhibitions in the autumn, instead of in the spring as had been customary, the society was unable to procure the use of the galleries, and consequently obtained quarters of its own at 1725 Chestnut Street. The galleries of the society are three in number, and although not of large size, they are conveniently arranged and well-lighted. In them was held the annual exhibition of 1881, which was followed by a short combination exhibition, and this again by a water-color exhibition. For the present winter an exhibition has been brought together which the members of the society regard as superior in many respects to any that has been exhibited under their auspices, and which is a better representation of the finer qualities of American art-work of the present day than has ever been made in Philadelphia.



"THE FIRST FRUITS OF GENIUS."—BY W. M. DUNK.

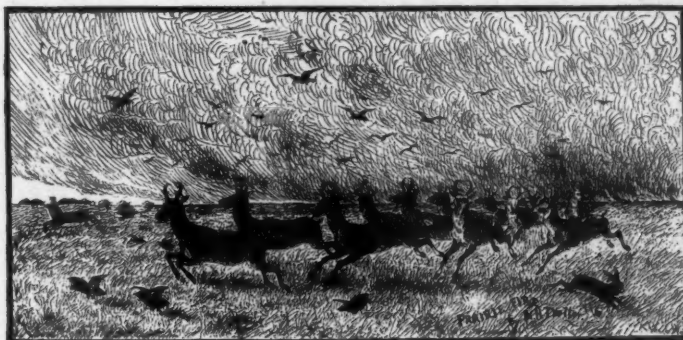


"OLD HOMESTEAD ON THE WISSAHICKON."—BY W. H. COOPER.

The illustrations which accompany this article are reproductions of sketches, made by the artists themselves, from noteworthy pictures which will be included in the coming exhibition. It is not possible within the compass of an article like this, the aim of which, indeed, is

of more worth than any number of words as indications of the quality of the coming exhibition and of the claims of the artists who have made them upon the consideration of the art-loving public.

The present officers of the Philadelphia Society of

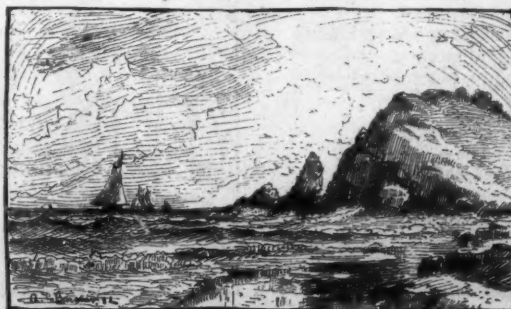


"PRAIRIE FIRE."—BY N. H. TROTTER.

to indicate the artistic tendencies which this society exemplifies, rather than to go into particulars, to enter upon a discussion of the styles of the different artists, or to recite their performances of particular interest. The sketches which embellish our pages, in reality, are

Artists are: President, James B. Sword; Secretary, Newbold H. Trotter; Treasurer, Charles H. Spooner; Directors, James B. Sword, Thomas B. Craig, Prosper L. Senat, Newbold H. Trotter and Walter M. Dunk.

EDWARD COGGSWELL.



"CLIFFS AT CAPE ELIZABETH, MAINE."—BY A. T. BRICHER.



HIS LOVE EMBRACETH ALL.

BY HENRY C. FAULKNER

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Father Time. *His Twelve Children.*

CHORUS OF THE MONTHS.

Father, in reverence humbly kneeling,
Be our dear love for thee confessed ;
But tell us which, thine heart revealing,
You love the best.

FATHER TIME.

My father-love an ocean seething,
Its mingled currents rise and fall,
Is ceaselessly the answer breathing :
I love you all.

JANUARY (*coaxingly*).

You love *me* best ; white-wrapped and hoary,
I am thy eldest, thy first born,
I am the herald of thy coming glory—
Of years the dawn.

When years are young, hearts laugh as lightly
As does my snowy softness fall,
Which covers cares and keeps souls whitely.

FATHER TIME (*smilingly*).

I love you all.

FEBRUARY.

My snow-bound days are deeply freighted
With high-piled drifts of joyousness ;
Each frosty moment overweighted :
With happiness.

My life is short, yet in a single
Attar-drop from roses pressed,
A thousand perfumed flowers mingle,
And please thee best.



MARCH.

My boisterous days have cause for gladness;
Chuckling in every breath that blows,
They laugh away frost's cheerless sadness,
And melt the snows.

With breezy steps I dance a measure,
Scattering seeds for future growth,
My work is, best of all, a pleasure
And duty both.

APRIL.

You love *me* best; each frown that lowers,
Each tear that courses from my face,
Serves but to better sue the flowers,
The earth to grace.

Pleasure from pain must largely borrow;
Each kingdom, separate, is small;
Joy rules but with a crown of sorrow.

FATHER TIME.

I love you all.

MAY.

With gentle sighs, on tiptoe creeping,
I woo her who has silent lain,
And Beauty, who has long been sleeping,
Awakes again.

She touches Earth, to make things worthless,
Worthy at touch of her caress—
To meet her kisses—sweets now birthless
Their life confess.

JUNE.

You love *me* best; each throbbing hour
Leaps through my pulse a burning stream—
An ecstasy of living power—
A luscious dream.

Eternity were feeble measure,
A love of life does so enthrall,
Viewed through my garland haze of pleasure.

FATHER TIME.

I love you all.

JULY.

My lazy days sail on as slowly
As vessels on my breezeless sea,
Borne with the wind of fancy solely
And memory.

With thing that are, things wished, not granted,
Are forged in thought a linked chain,
Till castellated realms enchanted
Spring from the brain.

AUGUST.

The æolian harp of summer flying,
My loving breezes play upon;
The few notes left are like the sighing
Of dying swan.

Those days of joy, whose mocking fleetness
Woo to pursuit with greater zest,
Have more intoxicating sweetness
Than all the rest.

SEPTEMBER.

You love *me* best; the happy chorus
Sung by the gatherers of grain,
Echoes from golden fields before us
And laden wain.

From lip to heart the song is creeping;
Most welcome does the promise fall;
Reward of labor each is reaping.

FATHER TIME.

I love you all.

OCTOBER.

With gorgeous hours, rainbow-tinted,
Fattened by harvests plenteous,
Nature, alike with man, unstinted,
Grows generous.

The many hopes that youth arranges,
Green, unripened in the days of old,
Become, through fulfilled crimson changes,
At last the gold.

NOVEMBER.

My days are such, their sparkle missing,
Your pulsing blood must sluggish flow;
The balmy breath of summer kissing
The lips of snow.

Each buoyant spirit, gayly robbing,
Plunders the skies of loveliness;
And every heart is warmly throbbing
With thankfulness.

DECEMBER.

You love *me* best; my shadows lengthened,
Dim not the glory of these festal times,
When harmony of good is strengthened
By Christmas chimes.

"Peace on the earth," peals forth the singing;
Man's deed and song are rhythmic then;
While in each heart a God is ringing
"Good will to men."

(*They whisper together and look toward December.*)

JANUARY.

I yield my claim to thee, December.

FEBRUARY.

I yield mine, too.

MARCH.

And mine.

APRIL.

And mine.

MAY.

Thy spirit breathes, we should remember,
The love divine.

JUNE.

Thy right is mighty.

JULY.

Never falter.

AUGUST.

Thy Christmas gladness be thy key

SEPTEMBER.

To ope love's holiest place;

OCTOBER.

An altar,

NOVEMBER.

A sacristy.

CHORUS TO DECEMBER.

We love thee best, sweet sister dearest;
Be thou our queen in heart of Him
Whose praise we chant in anthems clearest,
Like seraphim.

For love of thee, each brings those hours
Most blest to her; with yours entwine,
And place them all, a wreath of flowers,
Upon your shrine.

CHORUS TO FATHER TIME.

Confess thy love—we are not jealous—
To her thy preference should fall.
Our best beloved is thine? Oh! tell us—

FATHER TIME (*radiantly*).

I LOVE YOU ALL.

DUST.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AUTHOR OF "BRESSANT," "SEBASTIAN STROME," "IDOLATRY," "GARTH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ONE morning Lady Flanders, enveloped in a dressing-gown bought at a bazaar in Damascus, which made her look like the Grand Vizier in the Arabian Nights, knocked at the room which her guest, Mrs. Lancaster was occupying. Marion, who had not yet finished her toilet, opened the door, and Lady Flanders stalked in. She merely nodded a good morning, and did not at once explain the reason of this early visitation. With her hands behind her, she began to pace slowly up and down the room, her head bent and her shaggy brows drawn together: altogether rather an appalling spectacle. At length she halted, felt in the pocket of her caftan for her snuff-box, and not finding it there, sniffed, rubbed her nose, and went up to Marion, who had resumed the combing of her hair which the entrance of her ladyship had interrupted.

"How is your health this morning, my dear?" she demanded, scowling down upon her.

"I thank you; much as usual," replied Marion apathetically.

"Nonsense! You are not well at all: you're as pale and peaked as a charity-school girl!" returned the old lady testily. "You haven't improved at all since you came to my house, Mrs. Lancaster: and yet I've paid you every attention. I'm displeased at it!"

"You have been most kind to me, and I—" began Marion; but the other interrupted her with a peremptory gesture.

"You are altogether in the wrong, Mrs. Lancaster," she exclaimed, "and you should have discernment enough to be aware of it. I have shown you no kindness whatever: 'tis a thing I never do any one; I have simply pleased myself, as I always do: and 'tis as likely as not I have got you and your husband into a precious scrape, only for the gratification of my own antipathies. I have always abominated that little devil of a Marquise Desmoines, and I was determined to let her know it! That is the whole secret of the matter!"

"I shall not alter my opinion, madam," returned Marion with a smile, "and I can never forget the sympathy and protection you have given me. But I am unhappy: and I feel, now, that I did wrong to come here. I should have stayed at home with my mother."

"This is assurance, upon my honor! Where are your manners, ma'am? Pray, is my house not good enough for you?" But, having made these inquiries in a haughty and fierce way, the great lady suddenly took Marion in her arms and kissed her on both cheeks.

"I am an old fool, my dear," said she, sitting down with a disconsolate air, and crossing one leg over the other. "I'm not fit to be trusted alone any more. My likings and my dislikings both get me into trouble. I fell in love with you the minute I set eyes on you. For fifty years, at least, I have been ashamed of being a woman, and tried all I could to act as if I were a man—doing as men do, and thinking men's thoughts—or, at any rate, talking as if I thought them. And now, since I met you, I only wish I were more a woman than I am! My dear, you are the finest creature that ever stood in petti-

coats, and nobody is good enough for you. And when I fancied that that Philip of yours didn't appreciate the prize he had won—which, if he were the best man alive, he couldn't deserve—it made me so angry that I could have cut that handsome white throat of his from one ear to the other. And as if that wasn't enough, he must accuse you of improper behavior—"

"It was my own fault, Lady Flanders," said Marion, interrupting. "I'm sure I behaved very badly, and when I wouldn't tell him what I had been doing, I think he did quite right to be angry. I would ask him to forgive me, if he were here."

"Don't cry, my dear, it doesn't suit your character, and you only do it because you're weak and worn out, and God knows I don't wonder at it! As to asking him to forgive you, you would do no such thing—don't tell me!—until you were convinced he had done nothing to be forgiven for. And now," continued her ladyship, again diving into her pocket after the absent snuff-box, "I've come to tell you that I've begun to think he may not have been quite so bad as I thought. Mind—I know nothing more yet: I only make an inference. You know I pounced down upon that clever little wretch, the Marquise; and from her manner, and some things she said, my suspicions about her and that husband of yours were rather confirmed than disconcerted. So, rather than have you left alone in your house for people to snigger at, I persuaded you to come to me for a few days, until we could know exactly how matters stood. Poor child! You were in a state of mind not to care what became of you; and when I met your husband, that same afternoon, I had half a—"

"You met him, Lady Flanders? You never told me that!" exclaimed Marion, looking up and flushing.

"I know I didn't: why should I? I had no doubt he was on the way to that Marquise; and it was the next day, as I tell you, that I pounced down on her. Well, then . . . you shouldn't interrupt me, my dear; and—I wish you'd touch that bell: I think I must have left my snuff-box on my dressing-table."

The box was brought, and her ladyship took a copious pinch and proceeded. "Last night I heard something that disturbed and surprised me a good deal, and the source it came from was unimpeachable. I saw Mr. Merton Fillmore, and he told me that Madame Desmoines is going to bring an action against Mr. Lancaster to recover the money Mr. Grantley left him. At first I didn't believe it, but he was quite serious, and said that he was her solicitor in the matter. I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself:—but 'tis no use scolding men like him, they only bow and grin, and that's an end of it! I asked him why she hadn't claimed it before, and he tried to make up some nonsense about her having only just received proof that she was entitled to it. I told him it was a scandalous piece of business, and that he ought to have known better than to let himself be mixed up in it; and that I didn't believe the case had a leg to stand on. But between you and me, my dear, I shouldn't wonder if that particular kind of thieving that they call legal justice was on her side; and I fear there may be danger. But what

I was going to say is, that if she is actually setting to work to ruin your husband, it doesn't look much as if they were in love with each other, does it?"

Marion clasped her hands together softly in her lap, and her eyes shone. A long sigh breathed from her lips, which smiled tremulously.

"Aye, aye," said Lady Flanders, sighing also, and scowling, "I know how it is! You are feeling happier than if I'd just told you you'd been made heiress of all the money in the Bank of England: and by-and-by, as soon as you're able to think of anything else but Philip, you'll turn round and fly into a terrible passion with me, because I misled you about him. But upon my honor, my dear, it was only your dignity and welfare I was thinking of. And mind you, this may be nothing but a blind, after all."

"No," said Marion, in a tender, preoccupied tone: "it is true; I am sure of it. I have been the wicked one. If he will only forgive me!"

"Never tell a person of my age and character that you are wicked," said Lady Flanders dryly; "it is not in good taste, for it makes 'em wonder what the Recording Angel will call them. As to forgiving you, if he were here, and didn't—"

"Do you know where he is?" exclaimed Marion, springing up. "Is he in the house? Oh, Lady Flanders, is he—"

"My dear, I don't know where he is, any more than you do: but there's no doubt he will be found soon enough, and I hope the lesson he's had will have done him good. Meantime, there's another matter to attend to. Your good mother, Mrs. Lockhart, you know—we arranged that she should be told nothing of all this trouble; and I gave her to understand, when I took you away, that you and your husband were going into the country to visit the Earl, and 'twas uncertain when you'd be back. Now, I got a letter from her this morning, saying that this was the anniversary of her wedding-day, and she wanted to spend it in the old house at Hammersmith. She was going to set out this forenoon; and it occurred to me it might be a good thing if you went with her. As your husband will probably turn up during the next few days, you would probably prefer to meet him in her company rather than in mine."

"Yes, yes," murmured Marion, who had already begun hurriedly to complete her toilet: "I will be ready in a few minutes. Yes, that will be best. . . . Oh, I thank God! I could not have gone on living: but now, even if he doesn't forgive me, I am happy."

"I shall contrive so as to see him before you do," said her ladyship; "and after I've done with him, the only person he won't be ready to forgive will be me! Oh, 'tis just as well you both should have somebody to abuse, and I shall answer the purpose as well as anybody else. 'Tis about all an old hag like me is good for. Well, if you are going, I shall go with you, and deliver you safe into your mother's hands: and probably there'll have to be some lying done, when she asks where Philip is; and I'm a better hand at that than you are. You've no idea what experience I have had!"

Here the old lady chuckled rather cynically, and wrapping her caftan around her, stalked out of the room. Marion, left to herself, quickly went about her preparations, singing to herself at intervals, and moving with a lighter step and heart than she had known for many days. The old house at Hammersmith! It seemed like going home for the first time since the honeymoon. It was there that her first happiness had

come to her; and if Heaven ever permitted her to be happy again, it ought to happen there. All this fever of wealth and fashionable society was as a dream that is past: freshness and sanity had returned with the morning.

Lady Flanders, with the promptness of an old campaigner, who knows how to concentrate hours into minutes when there is need for it, was ready almost as soon as Marion, and the two immediately set forth for the Lancasters' house in her ladyship's big carriage, with the coachman in front and the footman behind in pig-tails and silk stockings. They arrived just as Mrs. Lockhart was about to depart. She greeted them with her usual gentle serenity.

"My dear daughter," she said, embracing Marion, "your trip to the country has done you good. She has a fine color, has she not, Lady Flanders? though I think she is a little thin. This city life is very trying: I used to find it so before I married your dear father. But no doubt 'tis different when you have your husband to go into society with you. A happy marriage is the best health preserver in the world. Has Philip come back too? Will he come out with us?"

"Your son-in-law, madam," said Lady Flanders, before Marion could command her voice or open her mouth, "is detained, I believe, but very probably he may join you before you return. Madam, that gown suits you admirably; and I can scarce believe, when I look at you, that so many years have passed since you were the toast of Bath."

Hereupon the lovely Fanny Pell of the last century flushed with innocent pleasure, and the color showed through the cheeks of the gentle widow of Major Lockhart: and the difficulty about Philip was evaded for the present. After a little more conversation, Mrs. Lockhart proposed that, as the day was fine, Lady Flanders should accompany them as far as Hammersmith, and perhaps lunch with them there; and in the afternoon she might drive back in time to keep her engagement to dine at Lord Croftus'. Marion added her entreaty to those of her mother: and her ladyship, doubtless perceiving that her presence would be a protection for Marion against the guileless inquisition of Mrs. Lockhart, who was as likely to prattle about Philip and the delights of a happy marriage as about anything else, consented; and the whole party got into the carriage, and rolled away on gently-swaying springs. The brief winter sunshine shown along the streets, throwing the shadow of the tall vehicle behind them; and the pedestrians on the sidewalks stepped out briskly, for the air was crisp and bright. Christmas was not far off, and its jovial influence was already felt. The long year, with all its happiness and its misery, its failure and its success, was drawing to a close; and for the bulk of mankind, the cheerfuller side of life seemed, on the whole, to have come uppermost. Marion, as she gazed out of the window of the carriage (while her mother and Lady Flanders chatted about the London of forty years ago), meditated over all which this year had brought her of good and evil: and tried to determine with herself whether, taking the good and the evil together, she would have wished this year omitted from her life. At first, with the remembrance of recent pain and suffering still fresh within her, and the future still so uncertain and clouded, she thought that it would have been better for her if she had died that day that she saw Philip and Mr. Grant enter the gate of the old house in Hammersmith, and knock at the door. But when she began to recall more in detail all the events that had happened, she thought that, for so much happiness, all

the pain was not too dear a price to pay. There was the picture in her memory of Philip telling them how he had cared for Major Lockhart, on the field of Waterloo: his voice had been tremulous as he told it, and his eyes had met hers with a sympathy so manly and so honest that her heart went out to meet it. Then had ensued that period when she withdrew herself from him, as it were, and was harsh and cold, from the untamed maidenhood that had divined its danger, and blindly sought to preserve itself at any cost. But oh! how sweet it had been to feel, day by day, that the struggle was in vain! What fear, what joy, what self-distrust, what hope, what secret tears! And then, that summer ride to Richmond, with Philip at her side; the banter, the laughter, the betraying tones and looks, the swelling tenderness that drowned resistance; and at last, the touch of hands, and the few words that meant so much! Surely, to have lived through such a day might compensate for many a day of pain.

Besides, the season of outward coldness and suspended confidence that had followed this, had been founded on nothing real, and had vanished at the first touch of reality. On that black night when she and Philip groped their way through midnight ways to avert, if it might be, the peril so mysteriously foreshadowed. Their spirits touched and recognized each other, and the terror of the crisis had only made the recognition more deep and firm. On that tragic night, love had avouched himself greater than all tragedy and sorrow; more true than they, and, unlike them, eternal. The flower of this love had she and Philip plucked, and had breathed its immortal fragrance. So much the year had brought her.

But then Marion fell to thinking about the months that had since elapsed, and the significance of their story. And the more she meditated, the more clearly did it appear to her that she, and not Philip, had been to blame. For why had she refused the legacy? From jealousy of Philip. But was her jealousy just? It had been a fancy merely, a vague suspicion, founded upon hints half understood and whimsically exaggerated. A woman who is loved has no right to say, "Because another woman is more beautiful or brilliant than I, therefore my husband will care more for her than he does for me." For love is the divine Philosopher's Stone, which transfigures that which it touches; and, for the lover, there is a beauty in his mistress before which the splendor of Helen of Troy or the Egyptian Cleopatra seem but as dust. And let her beware lest she so far vulgarize the dignity of love as to make it one with her own estimate of herself. As justly might the Song that Solomon sang rate its worth at that of the material forms and substances whereby it was conveyed from his mind to ours. As regarded Philip, moreover, how could he, being innocent of that which she suspected, have done otherwise than he did? For him to have yielded, would have been to acknowledge himself vulnerable. And again, what justification could she plead for the dissipated and reckless life she had led since the difference of opinion between Philip and herself? None, none! It had been the ungenerous revenge which, to requite open defeat, goes about to rob the victor of the comfort of his victory. Still less defensible was this last act of hers, to which the present disastrous state of things was immediately due. To gain an end which she had ostensibly given up, she had put herself in a predicament fairly open to the worst interpretation; and then, when her husband had demanded the explanation which was his right, she had defiantly refused to give it. When a woman like Marion begins to be repentant and forgiv-

ing, she allows herself no limits; and by the time the carriage had reached Hammersmith, Marion was disposed to consider herself the most reckless and culpable of wives, and Philip the most injured and long-suffering of husbands. But where, alas! was Philip, that she might tell him so?

They turned down the well-remembered little side street, and in another minute the carriage had drawn up before the iron gate, to which, so long ago and yet so recently, Marion had fastened the card with "To Let" written on it, which had been the means of bringing her and Philip together. The footman jumped down, opened the carriage door, and let down the steps; he assisted Mrs. Lockhart to alight, and gave her his arm up the walk. Marion followed with Lady Flanders. The old house looked forlorn, though a care-taker had been left in charge of it; the windows were dull and bare; the cedar of Lebanon had scattered its dry needles over the path and grass-plot: the knocker was tarnished, the footscraper red with dust. The footman lifted the knocker to rap; but before the stroke sounded, the door was opened from within.

Marion heard her mother give a little exclamation of surprise and pleasure, and then say something, in words she did not distinguish. She raised her eyes languidly; but the broad back of the liveried footman intercepted her view. Lady Flanders, however, whose vision was not thus obstructed, gave a start, and cried out, "Why, d— him, there he is!"

The footman's back disappeared, and in its place Marion's gaze absorbed the vision of a tall dark figure, a white face, black, exploring eyes, disheveled hair,—all suddenly kindled up and vivified by a flash of poignant delight. She remained standing erect on the lower step, and, without removing her wide, breathless gaze, she slowly raised her hands, and clasped them together against her heart.

"Mr. Lancaster," said Lady Flanders, in a high, sharp tone, "help your wife into the house, can't you! she's feeling faint. You ought to be more careful how you play off your surprises on a woman in her condition. Why didn't you let us know you were going to be here? Come, Mrs. Lockhart," she added, seizing the latter by the arm and drawing her in-doors, "let us get up stairs and take off our bonnets. That's the way with these young married people! They can't meet after a separation of twelve hours without going into such heroic and ecstasies as would make one think they had been dead and returned to life again, at least! Leave 'em to themselves, and perhaps in half an hour they'll be able to recognize our existence."

In this way the wise old woman of the world, who had comprehended the situation at a glance, at once parried whatever inconvenient inquiries Mrs. Lockhart might have made, and afforded an opportunity to Philip and Marion to enjoy their explanation and reconciliation in private, away from the inspection of footmen and other ignorant and inquisitive persons. When she got up stairs, and before she removed her bonnet, she took out a large silk pocket-handkerchief, and blew her nose; and for some time made no articulate rejoinder to the serene little observations which Mrs. Lockhart kept offering.

"How did you happen to be here, my dearest?" said Marion, in the course of the interview. "Did you know we were coming?"

"I have been here for several days, I believe," answered Philip: "I hardly know how long, or when the days begun or ended. I did not know where to look for

you, darling, and it seemed most natural to come here, where we loved each other first."

"Oh, my Philip! and were you thinking I was wicked all that time?"

"No, thank God! I don't think I ever seriously believed that. But one day, before I came here, I saw Tom Moore; he came up to me, and said he wanted to say something to me in private. So we walked across the park, and pretty soon I found that he was talking about you. From that moment I remember every word he uttered. 'Mr. Lancaster,' he said, 'you'll do me the credit to believe that I'm a man of honor and a gentleman, and the good name of a lady is sacred to me. I have admired and revered Mrs. Lancaster since first I had the honor to be in her presence; and though, to be sure, 'twas mighty small notice she ever took of me, my nature is not so petty that a slight to my vanity can obscure my judgment or dim my perception.' Then he went on to tell me all about meeting you at Vauxhall, and what a state of excitement you were in, and how he hurried you out of sight, and put you into a carriage, and then went and got Sir Francis; and how you all drove to the inn in Piccadilly, and afterwards how he saw you safe home with your maid. Then he said that tortures would never have unsealed his lips on the subject: but he had learned that, in some way, a rumor had got abroad that you were seen there. Whereupon he had deemed it due to his honor as a gentleman, as well as to his consciousness of integrity and innocence, to come to me at once, in a frank and manly way, and give me to know at first hand all there was to be known of the matter. It was very eloquent and chivalrous," added Philip, "and at any other time I might have laughed; as it was, I just thanked him, and we bowed to each other and parted; and I came here."

"It seems like coming up out of the grave," said

Marion, musingly. "And now, my poor Philip, after all our quarreling and trouble, what do you think has happened? The Marquise is going to sue for your money; and Lady Flanders says she's afraid the law may give it to her."

"Will the Marquise do that?" said Philip, arching his eyebrows.

"So Merton Fillmore says: and he is to conduct her case."

"Well," said Philip, beginning to smile, "she could not have done anything that pleases me better; for I have gained much wisdom since I saw you last, and am as anxious to be rid of that burden as ever you were. So, if you agree, my darling, we'll give her the twenty thousand pounds, without putting her to the trouble to sue for it: for there's only one kind of wealth worth having, and that is what I have been enjoying ever since I caught sight of you on the doorsteps."

"But, Philip, you know we have spent ever so much money on that miserable house in town. What are we to do about that? for the money from 'Iduna' will not be enough to pay it."

"Why, that is all right, too," said Philip, laughing: "for, though I had forgotten it till this moment, Lord Seabridge, who is not expected to live more than a week, said when I saw him the other day that he put five thousand pounds in his will for me, 'just to buy my wife a present.' We can pay our debts with that, and still have a few hundreds left to begin life again in this old house." He put his arm round her waist, and added, looking down at her, "You won't object to my receiving that legacy, will you?"

"Oh, Philip!" said Marion, with a long sigh, hiding her face on his shoulder; "I wish . . . I think . . . I hear my mother and Lady Flanders coming down stairs!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TWO WOOINGS.

In a garden sweet with roses,
Mused a maid one summer day,
Dreaming 'mid the bloom and fragrance
Of the years long passed away.
"In this very garden olden,
I have heard my mother say,
Did my grandsire, proud and stately,
Woo a maiden fair and gay.
Gay and fair, my girlish grand-dame
(I have seen her pictured face),
Pure and sweet as any lily,
With a dainty, old-time grace.
He, so tall and grand and stately,
Powdered hair and quaint attire;—
Yet beneath the garb of manhood
Beat a heart of youthful fire.
And he wooed in courtly phrases,
Murmured low on bended knee,
Like a true and loving subject—
Like a royal princess she.
Scarce he dared, with humble fervor,
Press her dainty finger-tips;
Lower bent his head, and lower,
When he raised them to his lips.
Ah, so grand that old-time wooing,
Timid glance and bended knee!"

"Thus" (so ran her gentle musings)
"Must my lover kneel to me."
In the garden as she lingered,
Dreaming dreams as maidens will,

Down the leafy walks there sounded
Steps that made her pulses thrill.
And a youth of modern aspect,
With a manner debonnaire,
Came with words of careless greeting,
Sought the nearest garden chair.
And he chatted of the weather,
Praised the garden, plucked a rose;
Likened it to her in beauty—
Fairest, sweetest flower that grows.
Not a trace of awe or homage
On his frank and happy face;
Yet the maiden read his purpose
'Neath his mien of careless grace.
"Oh, his heart is true and tender!
Sweet the tale he has to tell!
And" (so ran her happy musing)
"Sure am I he loves me well."
Does he kneel, this modern lover?
Press her dainty finger-tips?
Ah! instead he clasps her closely,
Boldly kisses willing lips;
Eagerly, with eyes love-lighted,
Gazes on her blushing face;
Calls her dearest, best and fairest,
Praises every tender grace.
"Stately was my grandsire's wooing,
On that olden summer day!
Yet" (thus runs her glibless musing)
"Sweeter far the modern way."

ADA E. ROCKWELL.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," "Figs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw," "John Eax," Etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.
NOT WITHOUT HONOR.

DAWSON FOX was about to return to Skendoah. It was a long time since he had gone forth, a sturdy child of poverty, to do a man's work and win a name for himself that he might come back and woo pretty Mattie Ermendorf to share his labor and his fame. It was twenty-five years and more since he had learned that the dream of his youth was not to be fulfilled. The little hamlet had never missed the barefoot boy who went away; and it listened with something of wonder and a little self-gratulation to the sermon of the high-browed earnest-eyed young man who had returned. And now again the thriving town that had grown up where had been only the "Drovers' Wayside Home" and the few straggling houses of the old-time corners was about to honor itself by reclaiming an interest in a long-lost son. The town was full of it. The dead walls were placarded with it, and the village newspaper, edited by a man who had come to the village hardly a year before, teemed with glowing accounts of the "gifted and eloquent son of Skendoah," who was said to be "remembered with peculiar pride and affection by all our old citizens." The "old citizens" were very numerous, too, considering what the town had been before Harrison Kortright had restored the lost lake Memnona, and turned its prisoned powers upon the dripping wheels below. Dawson Fox was in everybody's mouth. Almost every man and woman in whose hair there showed a thread of silver, was sure to have some memory of the returning celebrity, or at least some tradition derived from the specially intimate associates of his youth. Men stopped each other on the street to tell tales of his boyhood. Laborers in the factories allowed their machines to run idly on while they talked of the returning prodigy. This is what the handbills said of him:

BLEEDING KANSAS!
A MEETING OF THE CITIZENS OF SKENDOAH
WILL BE HELD AT
KORTRIGHT HALL
NEXT WEDNESDAY NIGHT,
TO TESTIFY OUR SYMPATHY
AND
DEVISE MEANS FOR SENDING AID
TO THE
SETTLERS IN KANSAS, WHO ARE SUFFERING FROM THE
RAVAGES OF BORDER-RUFFIAN HORDES,
WHO SEEK TO
DRIVE EVERY FREEMAN FROM HER BORDERS.
Hon. Harrison Kortright will preside. Rev. Dawson Fox, the

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celebrated Orator and Missionary, who is known as the "Apostle of Freedom" in Kansas, where he has labored unceasingly for three years, will address the meeting. The distinguished orator is a native of Skendoah, and will be warmly welcomed in his former home, where he has never been forgotten.

The company of emigrants who have been fitted out from Skendoah and vicinity will leave on Thursday. They will be accompanied to the station by a grand procession of all the citizens who favor Free Speech, Free Labor, Free Soil and Free Kansas. Their outfit is not quite as complete as is desirable, but every man has his Sharpe's rifle and plenty of ammunition.

The water will be shut off at 12 o'clock on Thursday, so that all may take part in this demonstration.

By order of the Committee.

Dawson Fox had been a missionary, and had labored faithfully among the people to whom he had been sent, but not with any notable success. All those who knew the man, and how he toiled in his distant field, wondered at this fact. His associates and superiors in the foreign mission work said, after a while, that he was a most brilliant and devoted man, but not suited to that work. It was suggested that he should marry, but it only excited a strange petulance when he was urged to do so. At length labor and loneliness and the terrible climate brought him a release. His health was broken, and it was decided that only the homeward voyage and home scenes could effect a cure. He had not spent all these years pining for a lost and hopeless love. So he told himself, and he spoke truly when he said so. He was not the man to destroy himself with regret. Few men had ever studied as he had in the position he had occupied, but he had not forgotten. The long years of self-sacrifice and unceasing application, in which he had dreamed only of Mattie Ermendorf, had burned her image into his heart beyond all power of eradication. If he had won her he would have become a part of the world, for she would have led him into it. Without her, however, he was fitted only to be a hermit. His studies were a cell where only he and his love came in those years, and when his hope had died he hid there with his dead, which was more precious than all the living. He wrought in the learning of the land he was sent to enlighten, but came not near the hearts of its people, because his own heart was the sealed sepulchre of love.

When he returned he had half hoped that during his absence time might have wrought some miracle in his behalf; but when he sat at Jared Clarkson's hospitable board and heard from his lips of the prosperity that had fallen on Skendoah through the man who had married the woman he had loved, and learned that Paradise

Begun in Vol. II. No. 1.

Bay, now in the outskirts of a thrifty town, had been transformed into an elegant mansion, whose mistress was the good angel of every sorrowing heart within its busy limit, he simply said to himself, "It is well." He felt that the life he would have bound to his own had been made richer in blessing to them that needed, perhaps, and had no doubt been fuller of joy than if he had had his will. So he did not venture near to witness her joy, lest even then he should mar its completeness, but finding a work ready to his hand which ran with his inclination, he gave himself to it, as soon as restored health would permit, and for many years he had been one of the most noted of that class of peripatetic missionaries who were known as Abolition orators.

Of these there were two classes—men who had nothing else to do, and men who did little else. The former class too often became mere ranters, spouters for a single idea. Their sense of fitness and proportion was destroyed, and to their minds the world seemed swinging round a single thought. Dawson Fox was not only too large a man to be thus bounded and absorbed, and life had also brought to him too wide an outlook to permit such subjugation. He felt that the world was not all bounded by the nation whose travail had just begun, though he sincerely believed that here the question of individual liberty was to be fought out for all times and for all peoples. It was that portion of the great world-conflict that filled the present. It was to him also a part of that religion to the promotion of which he had been dedicated—the one element of Christianity which it was given unto our day and times to illustrate and construe for the edification of the ages. To him this idea was a part of a far greater whole. Liberty was a foundation-stone, but the edifice built above was far more worthy and beautiful than that on which it rested. Man was greater, in his eyes, than any of his attributes; God infinitely above the laws by Him ordained. To him the work of establishing freedom was only another form of missionary labor. In his view, religion was made for man, and not man for religion. He had been unable to do a laborer's part in one portion of the Lord's vineyard, but in that which he had now entered his powers had full play, and he found himself strengthened by knowledge and experience for the work. So, it was no wonder that the disappointed foreign missionary became famous as an advocate of liberty and a home missionary on the plains of Kansas. He had crossed its border almost with the first settlers, drawn thither by that fine instinct of its strategic importance in the great conflict, that so often seems more like prophecy than forecast in natures that are strung to a higher pitch of observation than the common herd. Regardless of sect, he had constituted himself at once a pastor of the scattered people, keeping alive, at the same time, the spirit of religion and of liberty in their hearts. He had shared their dangers and sufferings, and had more than once been their emissary to the rich and populous East, whose outpost they defended.

More than once had Mr. Kortright, meeting him at various assemblies of this character, sought to induce him to revisit the home of his boyhood; but it had been in vain. The large-hearted, busy-brained manufacturer had no suspicion of the reason why. He had something more than mere regard for this man of a double life. They had been boys together—not exactly playmates in any familiar sense, but they had known each other—and he fully realized the disadvantages under which Dawson Fox had labored, and honored the success he had achieved. Strangely enough, he did not stop to measure it by any material standard. Perhaps strong natures

rarely do. The fact of success is of more weight with the man who has wrought his own way upward than the mere accident of wealth. Dawson Fox had succeeded; so had Harrison Kortright, and they two, in a sense, towered alone above those with whom they had played and fought and with whom they had been wont to compare themselves in the old days. It mattered not that one was rich and the other poor. Both had honored the native soil, and each was willing to accord to the other the meed of credit for his exertion and success. The magnate of Skendoah was no aristocrat. No man had ever accused him of that; but he must have been more or less than human not to have been proud of himself and his work. In a single decade he had transformed the silent hamlet into a busy city. Lake Memnona was his monument—his appeal to the ages—the attestation of his manhood. His life before that had been nothing. So he said, and so every one else believed, forgetful that it is in silence and repose that Nature ripens her best fruits. The years of silence had been years of growth with him. He did not know it; yet he regarded with peculiar pleasure whatever there was of worth and value in those years. The friends of that time were of especial delight to him now. One by one he had found a place for several of them in connection with his various enterprises; and all regarded him still as "the Squire." They said of him—everybody who knew him—that old Kortright had not forgotten what he had come up from. It was a mistake. He was simply unconscious that he had come up. He felt his later life to be no better or worthier than his early manhood. It was only broader and stronger—that was all. The people who wrought with him were not beneath him. They were not his work-people, but his neighbors. The little church had grown in size but not in magnificence. Kortright's Hall, as the people had insisted that it should be called, was the property of the citizens and for their use. All sorts of gatherings were held here in which the citizens or any considerable number of them were interested. Its platform was free. Its seats were free, unless the people by a free ballot put a price thereon for any specific purpose.

It was here that he desired to welcome Dawson Fox, and with that purpose, in order both to gratify the expected guest and his old friends, he had procured the committee to be made up of men whose names he believed the orator would still remember. Among these were our old friend Shields, still the positive, independent, keen-minded farmer, whose estate had felt the impetus of Skendoah's growth until he was now, in his later years, a man of affluence; and Van Wormer, the stirring head of a valuable business that the waters of Lake Memnona had brought into life.

"It's a pity," said Shields, running his hand over the thin, gray hairs that framed his sharp features on either side, when they had met to draft the letter of invitation—"it's a pity old 'Squire Ritner ain't here to take a part in this. It's my notion that he's about the only one that had any special liking for Dawson when he was a ragged boy round here. He did take to him, and I guess he helped him arter he left here."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Kortright, "but there never was a man more likely to do another a good turn than Ritner. We lost a man when we buried him."

"That we did," said Shields. "I've heard him talk about Dawson more'n once since he began to make a figger in the world, and it was easy to see he'd always had a high opinion of him."

"He was always ahead of all the rest of us in finding

out good things to be done," said Kortright, with a sigh.

"Except in finding water-power," laughed Van Wormer, with his old propensity to tease.

"Well," said Kortright, "Josiah Ritner wasn't the sharpest man in findin' pennies or dollars that's ever been within a hundred miles of Skendoah, but I've never met a man that knew quite so well how to use 'em. The time was, gentlemen, when that man took me out of about the worst rut I ever got into."

"How was that?" asked Van Wormer.

"Well, you know, I wasn't exactly used to handling as much money as I had to use in starting these things, and I was pretty nervous about the outcome for a time. I worked mighty hard for a year or two, and didn't think of much else day in and day out, till the factories were up and everything running as smooth and easy as water through a pine 'trunk.' Then the habit had got so fastened onto me that I never thought of giving attention to anything else. One day 'Squire Ritner came into the office, and as I was too busy to talk he just sat and watched me for an hour or so. We'd always been fast friends, but I should think it had been two years since we'd said much more'n 'How d'ye do?' in passing. After a while we were alone a minute and the 'Squire came up and put his hand on my shoulder in that sort of petting way he had with everybody, you know, and said:

"Seems to me, Kortright, you're a' forgittin' that you ain't nothing but a trustee."

"I never was so scared in my life, for I thought he'd got hold of something I didn't care about being known; but when I looked up I saw his meaning at once. I got up and took his hand and shook it as if he'd been my brother, as he surely was, and said, 'So I had, 'Squire, but I promise you I won't any more.'"

"Oh, ho!" said Shields, with a twinkle in his eye, "that's what Mis Kortright laughs about yet as your 'second conversion,'—eh?"

"Exactly. I bought a new span of horses and a new carriage, and went home at four o'clock and took her out riding. It was about the first time I'd done such a thing since our courting days, too."

Kortright laughed at the recollection, and it was evident that his friends understood what his "second conversion" meant.

"And, by the way," said Shields, "that reminds me that Ritner once told me that Fox took it very much to heart, your marryin' Mattie Ermendorf."

"Crossed in love, eh?" said Van Wormer gleefully. "Well, well, 'Squire, I had no idea you were bringing an old rival back here to exult over his misfortune."

"Sho, sho," said Kortright, with a little impatience, but with the hint of a blush on his fine, honest face.

"That is just one of Shields' jokes."

"Not a bit on't," said Shields, combing his thin locks with his hand; "it's what Ritner told me—and told it in dead earnest, too."

"Why, man," said Kortright, with an amused smile, "Dawson Fox hadn't been in Skendoah for years before we were married. I don't 'spose he'd seen Mattie since she was a little girl."

"That's jest what Ritner said," persisted Shields. "He said they were great cronies as boy and gal, and he'd sot his heart on marryin' her before he went away to school, an' he was mightily broke down when he come back arterwards an' found matters all arranged for her to marry you."

"He did come back just before we were married," said Kortright musingly.

"Jest so, jest so," said Shields. "I thought Ritner wa'n't likely to be very far out of the way on't. He wasn't given to talking what he didn't know about."

Kortright's head dropped thoughtfully upon his breast. A new light had come into his mind. The cryptomerias that still flanked the pathway to his door; his wife's tender care of them; the fact that she had scarcely spoken of Dawson Fox, notwithstanding his own eulogies, all confirmed this story of an early attachment between them.

"I declare, Mr. Shields," said Van Wormer, with a wink toward Kortright, and a shrug of his shoulders meant as a rebuke to Shields for his indiscretion, "I believe you've made the 'Squire jealous."

"Tain't possible," said Shields in surprise, for the first time realizing that it was possible.

"Poor fellow," said Kortright, looking up and smiling gravely at their banter; "poor fellow! I know what he lost, gentlemen, and can't but think how lonesome the years would have been if I had been in his place and he in mine."

There was a tender light in his eye as he spoke, and his lips trembled even as he smiled. The knowledge of this romantic episode in her life clothed the wife of his bosom only with a tenderer reverence. How had he been blessed in her love, while this other better man, this brilliant orator, who had sought it, had been left empty-hearted in the world! The man was too brave and self-forgetful to feel a twinge of pain or have a hint of jealousy.

"We must do all the more," he continued, "to make him feel that we haven't forgotten him. That is, if he will come. I'm afraid he won't; but if he does we'll give him such a welcome as a man don't often get when he comes back to a place he hasn't been in three days since he was a boy."

"Well," said Shields sententiously, "you know there ain't many such men as he."

"Nor many such as 'Squire Kortright," said Van Wormer with a peculiar warmth.

"Oh, of course," said Shields, with a reproachful earnestness that brought a laugh from both the others.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said Kortright; "but we are not getting on with our business. You just write the letter, Van Wormer, and we will sign it—if it suits us."

The letter was written more than once, and finally sent on its way. When Harrison Kortright met his wife, an hour afterwards, there was a soft light in his eyes and a tenderness that astonished the good woman as he put his arm about her waist and kissed her still fair lips. It was a most lover-like scene that followed, when he told her all that he had heard, and listened to its confirmation from her lips. They were old lovers, and married lovers, too, whom our modern analysts of the human heart count only worthy of sneers and jests; but it was really beautiful to the angel eyes that looked down on Paradise Bay that afternoon and saw the wife, in whom the romantic girl had never died, who had hungered all the years of her married life for the blandishments and caresses of love, cast herself into her husband's arms, kiss the pale, worn face, fondle the gray whiskers tenderly, and declare how she had been blessed above all other women in his fervent devotion. She was a silly old woman, he a weak, feeble old man, whose step still betrayed the touch of disease; yet methinks it were a prettier picture and better to look upon than if love had not been there. It certainly cannot be counted artistic in our modern sense, because there was nothing vile or degrading in it. However, that night

there went out from Skendoah another missive to Dawson Fox, full of the fragrance of the girl-love of long ago, which, though it had never ripened into woman-love in the heart of Mattie Ermendorf, had never faded from the memory of Martha Kortright.

In answer to both missives Dawson Fox had said "Yes," and on the morrow he was to come, to be for two days a guest at Paradise Bay, and then to speak at the great meeting to be held in aid of "Bleeding Kansas."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HOUSEHOLD—VENTILATION AGAIN.

It is easy to make statements which are tacitly admitted by all, and as tacitly denied whenever practice and theory are compared. Weakened vitality we know as the immediate consequence of defective or vitiated air supply, but there is another consequence far more serious. Scrofula is likely to become fixed upon such constitutions—in milder cases as consumption, in severer ones as actual decay and destruction of bone and tissue. Even the good realized by living for hours in the open air is undone, or at least neutralized by sleeping in unventilated rooms at night. The greatest living authorities on lung diseases pronounce want of ventilation the chief cause of consumption, and more fatal than all other causes put together; and even when food, clothing and general habits are all unwholesome, free fresh air has been proved able and sufficient to counteract in great degree their evil effects.

In the country a compensating power is found in the balance ordained by Nature. The poison thrown off by us from lungs and body as carbonic acid gas is the food of all vegetation, which, absorbing it, returns us instead from every waving leaf or blade of vegetation the oxygen we must have. This same carbonic acid gas we are always told, being heavier than oxygen, sinks to the bottom of the room, and thus makes sleeping on the floor or in a very low bed—as for instance a trundle-bed—unhealthful.

The fact is, that heat lightens and expands it, and thus, being warmed in the body, it rises into the common air, and there is really more at the top than at the bottom of a room. But this gas is by no means the only cause of disease. From both lungs and skin matter is constantly thrown off and floats as germs in all foul air. And as any one long confined to close rooms shivers and shudders at any sudden current of air, taking cold at a breath, the question becomes: How shall we admit pure air yet avoid draughts? Night air is considered noxious, but what air is there to breathe at night if not night air? And as at night gas-jets or lamps are burning, their food the oxygen they love, it follows that instead of *less* we require a double supply.

There is but one mode of ventilation that will work always and without fail, and that is a warm-air flue, the upward heated current of which draws off all foul gases from the room. This, with an opening on the opposite side of the room for the admission of pure air, will secure the desired end. An even simpler way is to have ample openings, say from eight to twelve inches square, at the top and bottom of each room, opening into the chimney-flue. Then, even if there be only a stove in use, and not set-range or furnace, the flue can be heated by extending the stove-pipe some distance up inside the chimney, and the rising current of hot air will draw with it into the flue all the foul air in the room. This arrangement must, as has already been said, be completed by some opening for fresh air on the opposite side, a window lowered slightly from the top being better than nothing. If the stove-pipe be extended into the chimney, such extension had better be of cast-iron, as not only more durable but holding heat better than sheet-iron. If there is no fire in sleeping-rooms, then the chimney must be heated by pipes from some other fire.

"Fussy and expensive," you say. Perhaps so, but less fussy than the time and attention your sudden illness from bad air may call for, and certainly less expensive than doctors' bills. Cease to fear that night air holds some subtle poison. It is only colder and moister than day air, and an extra bed-covering does away with all danger. Once learn to sleep with open windows and it will be found that taking cold is impossible.

There are cases where long custom or extreme and most unfortunate delicacy of organization occasions great sensitiveness to cold. For such the best course is to have a board made the precise width of the window and five or six inches high. Raise the lower sash and slip this board under. An upward current of air will then pass between the two sashes and, at least in part, purify the room. Remember also that no cause for impure air must be allowed to exist. A vase of withered and forgotten flowers will poison a whole room. In cellar or closet a pile of refuse vegetables, a decaying head of cabbage, a bone tossed aside, or a neglected garbage-box or pail, are all premiums on disease. Air and sunlight must search every corner and spotless cleanliness rule before the second essential in house and home is secured.

We have all heard the complaint from delicate women that "it takes till noon to get their strength up," and the statement holds tolerably convincing evidence that they slept in a hot and unventilated room. And we have found, too, that the child who went to bed content and rosy after a long day out of doors, often wakes up a little demon, bristling with naughtiness and determined not to be good. And for this state of things the anxious mother, who closed every crack from which air could come, is solely responsible. If life is shut out, death enters and rules, and daily habits mean life or death, both for body and soul.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"Can the Household editor tell us what should be the standard weight and yield of eggs for the different varieties of fowls? We have just begun keeping them."—B. F. E., Orange, N.J.

Ans.—The *Country Gentleman*, a paper on which one may always depend, has lately done this, and we give their figures: Light Brahmas and partridge Cochins, eggs 7 to the pound; they lay, according to treatment and keeping, from 80 to 100 per annum, oftentimes more if kept well. Dark Brahmas, 8 to the pound, and about 70 per annum. Black, white and buff Cochins, 8 to the pound; 100 is a large yield per annum. Plymouth Rocks, 8 to the pound; lay 100 per annum. Houdans, 8 to the pound; lay 150 per annum; non-sitters. La Fleche, 7 to the pound; lay 130 per annum; non-sitters. Black Spanish, 7 to the pound; lay 150 per annum. Dominiques, 9 to the pound; lay 130 per annum. Games, 9 to the pound; lay 130 per annum. Crevecoeurs, 7 to the pound; lay 150 per annum. Leghorns, 9 to the pound; lay from 150 to 200 per annum. Hamburgs, 9 to the pound; lay 170 per annum. Polish, 9 to the pound; lay 150 per annum. Bantams, 16 to the pound; lay 60 per annum. Turkeys, eggs 5 to the pound; lay from 30 to 60 per annum. Ducks, eggs vary greatly with different species, but from 5 to 6 to the pound, and from 14 to 28 per annum, according to age and keeping. Geese, 4 to the pound; lay 20 per annum. Guinea, 11 to the pound; lay 60 per annum.

HELEN CAMPBELL.



Is it too much to hope that the legislature of the great State of New York, now in the first days of its annual session, will do something toward the preservation of Niagara Falls? The Dominion of Canada stands ready to meet any reasonable proposition half-way, and, through a judicious exercise of the "right of eminent domain," secure this stupendous natural spectacle against the encroachments of the avaricious, among whom it is intended to include hack-drivers, peddlers, motive-power men and all the rest. That the average legislator will feel a lively interest in this subject is not to be expected. If the Falls are to be saved, the work must be done by a few men thoroughly imbued with a love of the sublime in nature, and willing to exert themselves in its behalf. If Niagara and its vicinity were once redeemed and placed within the lines of a state or international park, it would not be an easy matter for speculators to regain control. At present, as is well known, it is impossible to get a view of the Falls without paying a fee, and every separate and successive view necessitates an additional *douceur* to some one. This state of things must continue while the adjacent property remains in private hands. Of course the state would be justified in charging for admission to its grounds if that were thought desirable, but the exasperating board screens would be done away and, under the care of state officers, much of the matchless beauty of the wooded shores could be restored. The motive-power schemers are more difficult to deal with. The argument concerning the waste forces of nature and the plea that the beautiful ought never to take precedence of the useful, has an unanswerable force with probably a large majority of voters. It will not do to ignore this preponderating public opinion, but it can be influenced, and the motive-power men can probably be, in a measure, satisfied by the adoption of some scheme approved by competent engineers which shall prevent the defacement of the banks in the immediate vicinity of the Falls, but which may, by means of sluice-ways, afford opportunity for experiment and enterprise at a safe distance below. It is worse than useless for enthusiasts to speak contemptuously of those who do not value Niagara for its own sake. Let them rather hug the comforting conviction of esthetic superiority in silence, and not arouse to active opposition a power which, after all, holds the whole matter in its hands.

A SAYING of Miss Christina Rossetti to the effect that "she does not *write* poems—they happen to her," is going the rounds of the papers, and the usual comment thereon is an intimation that her "happenings" would be more acceptable if they were more thoroughly worked out.

Possibly too many writers offer "unthought thoughts" to the public. A fine idea is all the finer for being well presented, and the best things we have in literature are undoubtedly the results of profound labor. So much do we hear of the care and painstaking used by our best writers that it really seems as though "genius is only great patience." To be sure, there are in the annals of literature many instances of very talented persons writing rapidly and carelessly, but this we are disposed to regret. It will hardly be considered heresy to say that we could wish Mrs. Browning had given more time to the telling of

her grand thoughts. Probably "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" would read more smoothly if two days, instead of one, had been spent upon it. Gray did not begrudge the time he gave to his little poems. Wasn't it twenty years he had the "Elegy" on hand? What a comfort it must have been to him when other articles were torn from him by a ruthless publisher, to have the "Elegy" to fall back upon! We can imagine him taking it out every year or so and touching it up here and there—altering a word, transposing a phrase, meditating the substitution of a new stanza for one not altogether pleasing to him. Very likely he occasionally went over to Stoke Pogis—isn't that the locality?—and prowled around there warming up his inspiration. No wonder he declined the laureateship. He knew if the royal family wanted anything done in a hurry he was not the man to do it. But his deliberate way of working produced poems perfect in design and execution. However, if every one worked in the same way it would be slow for the publishers, and the critics' occupation would be gone entirely, for what could the reviews do with faultless productions?

One sometimes speculates about our gems of literature, wondering what were the processes through which they passed before attaining their present forms, and did their authors have much trouble with them? Did Shakspeare have to search for rhyming words in writing his little songs?—his "Come unto these yellow sands," or "When daffodils begin to peer." Did Milton find it hard to get all his "Gorgons and hydras and chimeras dire," his cherubs, seraphs and demi-gods in their places? Did Irving, Hawthorne, Goldsmith, Macaulay alter, re-arrange and work hard over all those limpid or sparkling sentences that seem as if they had just run off the point of the pen without an effort on the part of any one?

We can hardly define the charm certain writings have for us. The books we read and re-read are those which fascinate us by their style rather than by the substance of their contents. Is it because we are particularly interested in the old-fashioned plays and actors of London, the defunct South-Sea House, the old benches of the Inner Temple, the *modern* art of eighty or ninety years ago that we read Lamb? Should we not read him if he had talked in the same charming way about anything else? Yet what a perfect enjoyment and delight it is when some masterly pen deals with a really important subject! What a matter of felicitation when one of these dear, brilliant, rich-toned writers enters the field of history or of science! There are, in these latter days particularly, instances of recondite subjects being popularized by writers of this description. It may be difficult to decide how far a clear yet glowing and picturesque style is "natural," and how much is the result of severe study; but no matter what the natural gifts may be, it will harm no writer to adopt and act upon the advice which Longfellow is said to have frequently given—"Always write your very best."

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S novel will end in the next number of THE CONTINENT. Those who have followed the fortunes of the gifted Philip, the lovely Marion, the crabbed yet kindly Lady Flanders, and the beautiful,

heartless Perdita, will admit that Mr. Hawthorne has never given the world a story more complete than this in all the elements of romance. The closing chapters have been especially strong in character-drawing, and the manifest destiny of each person in the drama is worked out with a skill that powerfully reminds the reader of the elder Hawthorne. "Dust" will be promptly issued in book form as one of "Our Continent Library." In this shape it is destined to enjoy a wide-spread popularity.

THE excitement over Mr. Howells' Thackeray-Dickens criticism continues unabated in England, and the *Athenaeum* comes to his defense, a recent note saying: "Mr. W. D. Howells, who is writing his new novel in a retired place in Switzerland, has known nothing of the animated discussion which his remarks in the November number of *The Century* magazine have called forth from the English press. He writes to a friend who has called his attention to the subject that he has not even seen the magazine himself, and cannot recollect what he said about Dickens and Thackeray. But he is sure that he has been misprinted or misunderstood if he seems to be disrespectful to those great writers. 'I always thought myself,' he says, 'quite unapproached in my appreciation of the great qualities of Dickens and Thackeray, and I can hardly believe that I have "arraigned" them. I suspect that no Englishman could rate them higher than I do.' The eminent novelist goes on to say that he only waits to see *The Century* magazine and 'what my offense in it against the great shades amounts to,' to write further on the subject, and he is now determined on the earliest opportunity to carry out a design which has long been in his thoughts, namely, 'to say my say about the art of Dickens and Thackeray in full.' Next to a new novel from the pen of Mr. Howells, no contribution of his to literature would be more welcome than such a study."

It will probably be news to most of our readers that American literature finds an Italian audience. In a recent number of *The Critic*, however, Mr. G. S. Godkin declares that the death of no foreign author, with the sole exception of Mrs. Browning, has ever been so generally lamented by the Italian people as that of Mr. Longfellow. "There is no educated Italian who has not read 'Evangeline' with emotion; and I have been told by a distinguished writer that 'Excelsior' has been rendered into Italian in almost a hundred different forms." As reflecting the opinion of the most cultivated Italians on the subject of American literature, Mr. Godkin translates the following passage from an article on Walt Whitman in the *Funfulla della Domenica*: "America has a noble file of good writers, elegant poets, lively humorists, very able critics and historians. But even to the most noteworthy, as Emerson, Poe, Bryant, Lowell, Prescott, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, there is wanting something necessary to make them rank with the first order of indisputable geniuses. Not Poe, with his instinctive feeling for form, the delicacy of his touch, the originality of his intense and painful visions; nor Hawthorne, with the wonderful perfection of his prose, with his profound sounding of the depths of the human heart, with his exquisite artistic taste, with his fine pessimistic humor; nor Longfellow—the happy Longfellow—with all his morality and popularity and his legendary Germanic sentimentalism; nor any other of the most celebrated Americans, can compare for harmony and power of intellect with the greatest English contemporaries. America has neither a critic like Carlyle, nor a romancer to be compared to Dickens, Thackeray or George Eliot; nor a poet that approaches Tennyson, Robert Browning or Swinburne. Almost every great nation has one poet who may be called its incarnate expression—its voice. America, up to the present, has not a voice worthy of her. But she will have it—and it will astonish old

Europe." We reprint this paragraph more as a curiosity than otherwise, and recall, with some amusement, Mr. Hamerton's experiences in testing the judgment of educated foreigners regarding some of Tennyson's most exquisitely musical verses. And, by the way, let those of us who profess a familiarity with foreign tongues cherish a wise humility when we are away from home, in venturing upon literary criticism in the presence of natives.

It is a coincidence that two of the most indefatigable workers in the historical field should be Bancrofts, and certainly the younger man is earning a distinction hardly inferior to that of the elder. For twenty-five years Hubert Howe Bancroft has labored at a task which bids fair to stand as one of the literary achievements of the nineteenth century. Owning one of the finest and most valuable libraries on the Pacific coast, he has had exceptional facilities for work, and the bulky volumes of his "Native Races of the Pacific States" are in evidence as to his industry. The present volume¹ has all the characteristics that made the earlier ones so welcome. Mr. Bancroft's enthusiasm is equal to his scholarship, and both are fully tested by the enormous task to which his life is devoted.

The work began with the collection of thirty-five thousand volumes, and California may boast the distinction of owning more priceless material for history than any country on the globe. Manuscript records from pioneer settlers and from the Spanish missionaries and adventurers of the sixteenth century, together with mission archives, are especially abundant; the collection made by the unhappy Maximilian as the foundation for a library; Mr. E. G. Squiers' manuscripts, purchases from the Andrade sale, all go to make up a unique collection. The library cost \$300,000, and over \$200,000 has been spent in preparing catalogues, indexes and every device for making all portions available for literary purposes, while numerous assistants are employed, the methods being given in a little pamphlet distributed with the book. Each one sends to Mr. Bancroft every note or memorandum made, "so that what ten or a hundred authors have said on each individual topic and incident may be brought before him at one time." How to keep these notes was a problem, and after many methods had been tried and found wanting, the very unusual one of storing all in paper bags proved to be the most practicable.

Five volumes of the work were published in 1875, giving Mr. Bancroft at once a distinguished rank as an investigator, "The Native Races of the Pacific States," being a detailed and elaborate account of a vanished civilization, the story of which was almost a revelation. That he is a little inclined to judge the sixteenth by a nineteenth century standard, makes him at times unreasonable, but his presentation of facts is wonderfully picturesque, and his research far more patient and minute than anything Irving has attempted in the same direction. Mr. Bancroft's philosophical bias is very strong, and he indulges it at length, the pages being always interesting, but as certainly not essential to the progress of the narrative; in fact a decided hindrance. Much of the ground covered in this volume has already been traversed by Irving in his story of the adventures of the companions of Columbus, but Mr. Bancroft has had access to material altogether unknown to the first writer, and his many footnotes give reference to these authorities or supply illustrative details. Many curious maps are given, copied from ancient books, and the vivid narrative flows on with astonishing ease and power. Telling extracts could be made almost at random. There is not a dull page in the book, and though compression would have benefitted it, it would be an ungracious and on the whole unnecessary task to cut out any passages in the brilliant chapters.

(1) HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC STATES OF NORTH AMERICA. Vol. I. Central America, 8vo., pp. 703, \$5.00. A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.



LITERARY exiles in England, who almost all come under the head of political revolutionists, are to have a book written about them by Mr. H. Van Laun.

A NEW novel from Ebers will attract attention. This has just been published in Germany under the title of "Ein Wort," the hero being a banished German, and the sixteenth century the time chosen.

A VERY useful and carefully prepared hand-book comes from D. Appleton & Co., New York, "The Hand-book of American Winter Resorts," its maps and illustrations being well made and the whole invaluable to tourists. (50 cents, pp. 138).

AN important and interesting contribution to the study of the Bible is announced by J. W. Bouton, New York, in "Bible Myths and Their Parallels in Other Religions." The book is profusely illustrated, the work being of the excellence which characterizes this firm.

A "BRYANT BIRTHDAY BOOK," has been arranged by Janet E. Ruutz Rees, and published by D. Appleton & Co. Three selections are given on each page, and the red edges and cover, with its spray of holly berries, make it especially suitable for the Christmas season. (16mo, \$1.00).

THE MAGAZINE OF ART, published by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., is one of the most beautiful and reasonable in price of all the art journals, the subscription being but \$3.50 per annum, and the volume for 1883 promises even more than the past has held, one of its many features being a set of illustrated articles on "Famous Artists of Our Time."

A VERY charming little story, just long enough to beguile an idle half hour, is found in "A Whimsical Wooing," by Anton Giulio Barrili. From the Italian, by Clara Bell. The "wooing" is an accident, and the whole story is full of sparkle, its happy ending being foreseen from the beginning. (16mo, pp. 88, 50 cents; William S. Gottsberger, publisher, New York).

MR. TENNYSON'S "Promise of May," for which he received \$5000, is pronounced unanimously by English critics to be one of the dreariest masses of nonsense ever put before a long-suffering public. The poet's reputation will live in spite of his own assaults upon it, but it is unfortunate that he cannot be prevented from printing what has no claim whatever on public interest.

R. WORTHINGTON & Co. have just issued two notable books; one, "The Legendary History of Rome," translated from the text of Livy, by Professor George Baker and illustrated with one hundred and sixty engravings from antique statuary and the best historical painting. The other, the "Lives of the Twelve Cæsars," translated by Dr. Alexander Thomson, and illustrated with twenty-four portraits on steel from authentic sources.

AMONG the smaller illustrated books of the season is "Lady Helen Clyde, A Romaunt," by Abram Lent Smith. The verses if not powerful are smooth and graceful, and the story far better told in words than in the rather second-rate illustrations. "The Deserted Village" is also issued in the same form and at the same price by Porter & Coates, the illustrations by the well-known Hammatt Billings, whose work here falls below its usual standard of excellence, though it is in any case slightly

old-fashioned. (Square 16mo, pp. 42, \$1.50; Charles Dillingham, New York).

MR. EUGENE BENSON has already made himself known as a delicate and appreciative art critic, and thus necessarily a keen observer, and in "Art and Nature in Italy" he gives a record of Italian days, holding all the best qualities of his previous work. It is an old story he has to tell, but each new pilgrim means a new presentation, for them if not for us, though in this case we see familiar objects under a new light, and have a record which is of real and permanent value. (16mo, pp. 188, \$1.00; Roberts Bros., Boston).

THE beautiful little "Parchment Series," inaugurated by D. Appleton & Co., opens with a volume entitled "Eighteenth Century Essays." Selected and annotated by Austin Dobson. Mr. Dobson's own work harmonizes well with his selections and he shows himself an especially careful and appreciative editor of the charming selections, chiefly from the "Spectator" with a sprinkling from other sources. The same form is to be given to Shakespeare's works, which will be issued in twelve volumes, one a month, the first one containing four carefully edited plays. (16mo, pp. 284, \$1.25).

HISTORY and romance sometimes blend successfully, but a peculiar talent is required to make the mixture palatable. "Aubert Duhayet; or, the Two Sister Republics," by Charles Gayarré, though a tolerably clear picture of the time, and filled with many details unfamiliar to the average historical reader, is in no sense a novel, the thread of romance wearing thin in the early chapters and ceasing altogether long before the end is reached. Dubayet had active part in our Revolution and with the fortunes also of the French Republic, and the book introduces most of the chief actors in both dramas; but it is all heavy business, and the reader welcomes the final scene and wants no repetition. (12mo, pp. 479, \$1.50; James R. Osgood & Co., Boston).

A WELL-WRITTEN and valuable book for young people is found in "Stories from the Greek Tragedies," by the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A., the stories including many already treated by the poet William Morris in his "Earthly Paradise." The present version is, in many cases, almost literal translation, and the whole has the form of an old chronicle, the quaint speech giving it an added charm. Twenty illustrations from Flaxman and others are in entire harmony with the text, and though fathers and mothers may object to any early introduction to the sad old stories, Mr. Church, who is "Head Master of King Edward's School, Retford," has eliminated all the most objectionable qualities, and left only what will serve as a good introduction to Greek literature. (12mo, pp. 257, \$1.50; Dodd, Mead & Co.).

A NEW critic has arisen, whose interpretation of Hamlet marks a new method in this well-tilled field. It is Herr Dietrich, a German scholar, who wishes to be heard, and who has written a book, described by an American critic as both unique and amazing. He contends that Hamlet can be understood only if he is regarded as "the constable of Providence," the meaning of the word "hamlet" being, Herr Dietrich says, "upper constable." In this treatise Herr Dietrich devotes much attention to Ophelia, of whom he has a very poor opinion. Critics have hitherto admitted that Ophelia has amiable qualities, whatever theories they may have formed as to her relation to Hamlet; but her conduct outrages the moral sentiment of Herr Dietrich, who denounces her as "an empty, cold, heartless puppet." He is particularly indignant at the manner in which she receives Hamlet's "equivocal observations." She affects ignorance of his meaning, we are told, in order to induce Hamlet to give still more decided expression to his "equivocal" humor. This terrible critic will not even grant that Ophelia is the daughter of Polonius, for he points out

that Polonius, in saying to the King and Queen "I have a daughter," adds, "have while she is mine."

AMONG the attractive publications issued and announced by R. Worthington & Co., of New York, the following are worthy of special attention: "The Handy Illustrated Edition of Shakespeare," in eight volumes, with illustrations from Selous; "Modern Etchings from Celebrated Paintings," "Studies in French Art," "Great American Sculptures," "Lotus Leaves," new editions of "Laurel Leaves" and "Papyrus Leaves," and Mr. Boker's "Point Lace and Diamonds," with illustrations by Addie Ledyard. The same house adds to its already large list of juveniles: "Around the House," "Picturesque Journeys in America," "Chatterbox Junior" and "Sunday Chatterbox" and "The New Quartette."

MR. SIMON STERN, of the New York bar, has written a very straightforward and unpretentious book entitled "Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States." Though many books have been written on this topic, most of them are too abstruse for popular reading, and thus there is room for such work as the present. Though Mr. Stern fails in one or two points, as a whole no better hand-book on this subject has been made, and it deserves place on every book-shelf, our knowledge of the Constitution and its bearings being very curiously deficient, people even having been heard to state that they supposed it and the Declaration of Independence to be one and the same. (12mo, pp. 323, \$1.50; Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York).

"THE GOLDEN FLORAL," lately issued by Lee & Shepard, would seem to consist of Christmas cards fringed and decorated, but examination shows them to be the popular poems: "Nearer, My God, to Thee," by Sarah Flower Adams; "Home, Sweet Home," by John Howard Payne; "Ring Out, Wild Bells," by Alfred Tennyson; "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning; "Abide With Me," by Henry Frances Lyte; "Rock of Ages," by Augustus Montague Toplady; "The Breaking Waves Dashed High," by Felicia Hemans, and "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" by William Knox. These are beautifully illustrated by Miss Humphrey. Any one of them makes a most charming compromise between a card and an illustrated book. The idea is a new one, and likely to meet the popularity it deserves.

A GENERATION has passed since Dr. N. L. Frothingham, in a volume of translations from the German, first introduced American readers to some of Rückert's smaller poems. The present volume, "The Wisdom of the Brahmin: A Didactic Poem," translated from the German of Friedrich Rückert by Charles T. Brooks, Books I-VI, is in the line of thought made familiar to us in many ways during later years, most recently in "The Light of Asia," and is really a series of epigrams in twelve-syllable, iambic rhymes. The author was long Professor of Oriental Literature, and both by nature and culture so penetrated with the oriental spirit that he is practically a Western Brahmin. Among Germans he ranks as one of their greatest and purest poets, his personal life and character having been singularly beautiful, and Mr. Brooks, who is one of our most able and sympathetic translators, and himself possesses much poetical power, has made a translation which has much of the charm of the original. (\$1.25, pp. 252; Roberts Bros., Boston).

THE novel with a purpose has become one of the facts of the day, and every question of the day is finding place in fiction. As a rule, the subject is either dwarfed or exaggerated, the latter being most often the case. The lights are so high that one is dazzled and loses all sense of any feature save glare, or the shadows are so deep that discernment is equally impossible. Mr. Byron A. Brooks, in "Those Children and Their Teachers, a Story of To-Day,"

has fallen into the same error. Unquestionably the public school system needs arraigning, and Mr. Brooks' facts cannot be denied by any one who has followed the course of events, especially in our great cities; but they are put in a form which in itself challenges criticism, the story having no power to hold them clearly before the reader's mind, and leaving only an uncomfortable sense of over-worked children, and of a set of relatives who, if had English is any test, need a new school as much as their juniors. There are touches of genuine humor, and now and then indignation, so honestly and ringingly put, that one wishes the same tone might continue; but the book is not one to accomplish its desired effect. (\$1.00, pp. 272; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York).

It is a misfortune that the quaint framing of the pages reproduced from "A Book of Christian Prayers," usually called "Queen Elizabeth's Prayer-Book," and printed by John Day, in 1569, should be the only real attraction in the daintily-made volume entitled, "The Wife's Manual; or, Prayers, Thoughts and Songs on Several Occasions of a Matron's Life." By the Rev. W. Calvert. (\$2.25, pp. 102; Roberts Bros., Boston). The feeling of the verses cannot be questioned, and there is often genuine religious fervor, but, as a whole, there is a priggish and ponderous element, and the temptation is strong to say, "Such would have been the verses addressed by the immortal Mr. Barlow to the partner of his joys and sorrows," and vice versa. This partner is so sweetly subdued and receptive—the husband of whom she sings is so superior a creature—that one is surprised he allowed her to repeat the little lesson he had set, and the desire to be suitably decorous in the listening fades away before the solemn absurdity, which is all the American mind is able to see. It is all true, all eminently proper—but so is Tupper. Buy the book for its beauty and quaintness, but carefully cover the verses with something better worth such setting.

NEW BOOKS.

FAUST: A TRAGEDY. By Goethe. Part I. Edited and Annotated by F. H. Hedge, D. D. Metrical Version by Miss Swanwick. Part II translated by Miss Swanwick. American tree calf, pp. 445, \$4.00. Thomas T. Crowell & Co., New York.

"RING OUT, WILD BELLS." By Alfred Tennyson. With illustrations from designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey. Engraved under the supervision of George T. Andrew. Cloth gilt, \$1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

YOUTH: ITS CARE AND CULTURE. An Outline of Principles for Parents and Guardians. By J. Mortimer Granville. With American notes and additions. \$1.00, pp. 167. M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York.

OUR LITTLE ONES. Illustrated Stories and Poems for Little People. William T. Adams (Oliver Optic), editor. 380 illustrations, pp. 384, boards \$1.75; cloth \$2.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

AMERICAN HERO MYTHS. A Study in the Native Religions of the Western Continent. By Daniel G. Brinton, M. D. 8vo, cloth, pp. 251, \$1.75. H. C. Watts & Co., Philadelphia.

ALL ADRIFT, OR THE GOLDWING CLUB. The Boat Builder series. By Oliver Optic. 8 illustrations, pp. 340, \$1.25. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE YOUNG SILVER SEEKERS, OR HAL AND NED IN THE MARVELOUS COUNTRY. Completing "The Young Trail Hunters Series." By Samuel Woodworth Cozzens. Illustrated, pp. 343, \$1.00. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

SONGS OF A SEMITE. The Dance to Death and other poems. By Emma Lazarus. 25 cts., pp. 84. The American Hebrew Publishing Company, New York.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. His Life, Genius and Writings. By W. Sloane Kennedy. \$1.50, pp. 310. S. E. Cassino & Co., Boston.

FLOWER DE LUCE. By Henry W. Longfellow. Illustrated leaflets with illuminated cover. Fac-simile of poem. In box, \$1.00.

LETTERS OF LYDIA MARIA CHILD. With a biographical introduction by John G. Whittier, and an Appendix by Wendell Phillips. \$1.50, pp. 280. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

UNDER LOCK AND KEY, OR ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: A Novel. By T. W. Speight. 75 cts., pp. 200. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

A SYMPHONY IN DREAMLAND. By Alice E. Lord. \$1.25, pp. 80. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.



In a recent number of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* mention is made of some preliminary experiments to ascertain the effects of different conditions on the latent vitality of seeds. Several packets of seeds were, in January, 1880, divided into three equal parts; one portion exposed to the free air, but screened from dust; another inclosed in air, being tightly corked up in a tube; the third placed in pure carbonic acid. At the end of two years the seeds were taken out, weighed and sown. All those which had been exposed to free air had gained in weight; for instance, beans had gained 1.50 and peas about 1.73 of their original weight. The seeds confined in closed air had gained a little, peas 1.790 and beans 1.1190. The seeds confined in carbonic acid gas hardly at all varied from their original weight. As to comparative germination, of

Peas kept in free air,	90 per cent germinated.
" " " closed air,	45 " " "
" " " carbonic acid,	none.
Beans kept in free air,	98 per cent germinated.
" " " closed air,	2 " " "
" " " carbonic acid,	none.

If the full course of experiments give such results, it will be made clear, first, that the vegetable embryo in the seed is not, strictly speaking, latent, but is doing some work, however little, and is keeping up a respiration, which is essential to its continued life; second, that the life of seeds cannot be indefinitely prolonged. *Very old* seeds exposed to the air must be dead from exhaustion, and those deeply buried by suffocation, and the numerous recorded cases of the germination of ancient seeds are more and more to be distrusted.

In 1763 the only public conveyance for passengers between London and Edinburgh was a single coach, which completed its journey in fourteen days, or at the rate of one mile and a quarter per hour. Strange as it may appear, there are at the present time many large fertile districts in Hungary, where, owing to the absence of both road and water communications, a higher rate of speed cannot be attained in a journey of seven days' duration. An essential condition of the attainment of high speed on the railway is that the stopping-places be few and far between. The Great Northern express (London & Edinburgh) makes its first halt at Grantham, a distance of one hundred and five miles from London, and consequently but little power and time are lost in accelerating and retarding the speed of the train. In the instance of the Metropolitan Railway, on the other hand, the stations average but half a mile apart, and although the engines are as powerful as those on the Great Northern Railway, whilst the trains are far lighter, the average speed attainable is only some twelve miles an hour. No sooner has a train acquired a reasonable speed than the brakes have to be sharply applied to pull it up again. As a result of experiment and calculation it is found that sixty per cent of the whole power exerted by the engine is absorbed by the brakes. In other words, with the consumption of thirty pounds of coal per train mile, no less than eighteen pounds are expended in grinding away the brake blocks, and only the remaining twelve pounds in doing the useful work of overcoming frictional and atmospheric resistances.

ENGLAND is the principal coal-tar producing country of the world. The distillation of coal-tar, as the starting point in the manufacture of the aniline colors, has indeed become one of the most important chemical industries. It is a very singular fact that while England is the principal producer of the crude material and also the chief consumer of the dyes produced therefrom, nevertheless she does not manufacture these beautiful colors. Although Faraday first discovered benzine, and Mansfield gave his life in showing us how to isolate that substance on the large scale, and although Perkin led the way to the discovery of aniline purple—the first coal-tar color—nevertheless the manufacture of the so-called coal-tar dyes has mainly centred in Germany. The absurd spectacle is therefore presented of English people sending the crude materials abroad to be worked up by German chemists, who return to them the greater part of the finished product for a handsome consideration. Furthermore, many of the chemicals needful for this delicate transformation are sent from England along with the tar. In fact, England plays the part of a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for Germany in this matter, and, in addition, becomes her most profitable customer. This interesting fact in political economy should be commended to the attention of the Royal Commissioners, who are to report soon on the progress of technical education in England. The cause of this is not far to seek—it lies in the wise fostering encouragement of scientific research in the universities of Germany and the neglect of it in those of England.

In a paper read before the late Scientific Association at Montreal, the writer states that he recently had the opportunity of watching in a "live box," under a low power of the microscope, the seizing and devouring of some plant-lice by the larva of an undetermined species of chrysopa, and was interested in the manner in which it emptied the body of its victims. The jaws are large, hooked, pointed and tubular, with a small opening at or near the points. Approaching its prey, the body of the aphid is grasped by the hooked mandibles, which, at the same time, pierce it. The chrysopa larva remains stationary, and proceeds to pump its victim dry. At the base of each of the mandibles the integuments are dilated into a sac-like form, capable of expansion and compression at will; a portion of the thorax is similarly constructed, and it is by the repeated dilating and compressing of these sacs that the fluid contents of the body of the aphid are transferred through the tubular mandibles to the stomach of the chrysopa larva. When the abdomen of the aphid has been emptied the points of the mandibles of the chrysopa larva are thrust in the thorax and forward into the head in every direction, and in a few moments nothing remains of the once plump plant-louse but a shriveled skin.

An English traveler in India has lately sent home a very unique photograph. Being in the neighborhood of Kurachee he paused to secure a view of a magnificent group of tropical trees on the river bank, by means of the camera which he carried for such purposes. He fixed his tripod, placed his head under the velvet screen to adjust the focus of his lens, when suddenly a huge crocodile lifted his head above the water and made his way to the shore. Another followed, and still another; then a whole herd clambered up the bank. Instead of taking suddenly to flight, our traveler stood still surveying the advancing army through his lens, and soon was happy, for a double reason, to see the ungainly monsters sprawl themselves, with mouths agape, for their siesta in the warm sunshine. What a happy accident! Our artist kept his nerves steady, the "dry plate" was slipped into its place, and in a twinkling the photograph was taken of the group of twenty unconscious reptiles.

TYPHOONS do not occur during the prevalence of the northeast monsoon, from November to May. In 1881 the typhoon season extended from May 22 to November 29. In Japan the true typhoon season is restricted to August and September, the storms there during the other months resembling rather the ordinary cyclones of temperate regions. The tracks of the typhoons during the months of moderate temperature—May, June, the latter half of September, October and November—are the most southerly. They lie flattest on the parallels of latitude, and present a great concavity looking eastward; but those of the warmer months—July, August and the beginning of September—exhibit, on the other hand, very open curves. This seasonal difference in the form of the tracks, taken in connection with the general form of the recurring tracks of the West Indian hurricanes, which are less open than those of the Chinese seas, suggests a possible connection between the forms of these curves and the different distributions of atmospheric pressure prevailing over the continents at the time.

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ONE of the bold and remarkable works of the day is the submarine sewer at Boston, to carry the sewage under an arm of the harbor and across an island far to seaward. They have discovered what unfortunately many others have not, that little is gained by emptying sewage into a harbor or into a small river, and so transferring the nuisance from one point to another or distributing it all over.

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BUSINESS and population depend on geology. A geological map of England enables one to locate its occupations and the denser populations. An outcrop of gneiss, extending southwest from New York, forms the limit of trade in the rivers, and fixes the location of Trenton, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, Georgetown, Richmond and other cities to the southwest.

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

(THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.)

December 2.—The Parliament of Great Britain was prorogued, the Queen's speech being written and read by the usual officials.—A meeting of the Irish National League was prohibited.—France orders a naval force to Madagascar.—The business portion of Bunker Hill, Illinois, was burned.—The large grain elevators of Packard & Mattice, Webster City, Iowa, were burned.—Rear-Admiral Wyman, U. S. N., died. . . **Dec. 3.**—An attempt was made under the new penal code to enforce the "Sunday Laws" in New York requiring the suspension of business. Many arrests were made, but the magistrates discharged most of the prisoners.—Arabi Pasha pleaded guilty of the charge of rebellion, and was formally condemned to death, the Khedive subsequently commuting the sentence to exile for life.—The President appointed Clayton McMichael Marshal of the District of Columbia, *vice* Henry, removed.—Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of the Church of England, died.—A fire, involving a loss of \$500,000 or more in cotton and machinery, occurred at Houston, Texas. . . **Dec. 4.**—The second session of the Forty-seventh Congress began. The President's message was submitted with those of the several secretaries.—The Supreme Court affirmed the judgment restoring the Arlington estate to the Lee family.—The Queen opened the new Courts of Justice in London with imposing ceremonies. The Lord High Chancellor was raised to an earldom in honor of the event.—The Rev. James Challis, an English scientist, died.—Gen. George C. Thomas, a veteran of the Seminole and Mexican wars, died in Georgetown, D. C., aged seventy years.—In Harrisville, N. H., a mill owned by Gowing & Grew, was burned; loss, \$100,000. . . **Dec. 5.**—M. C. Butler was elected United States Senator from South Carolina, and H. P. Thompson was installed Governor of that state. . . **Dec. 6.**—The transit of Venus occurred, and was successfully observed at all the principal stations of the world.—The President nominated Brigadier-General John Pope to be major-general; Colonel R. S. Mackenzie, of the

Fourth Calvary, to be brigadier-general.—The Alhambra Theatre, in London, was completely destroyed by fire.—Anthony Trollope, the novelist, died in London. . . **Dec. 7.**—The news was received of the massacre of seventy-five Mexicans and Americans by Mexican Indians.—The Clerk of the House of Representatives announces a Democratic majority of fifty-two for the new House.—The official returns for the late election in New York give Cleveland a plurality of 182,854 for Governor.—A fire consumed the business premises of Foster, Porter & Co., London, and other buildings. Loss, \$15,000,000.

THE DRAMA.

UPON the close of Mr. Charles Wyndham's very successful engagement at the Union Square Theatre, New York, he appeared before the curtain in response to an enthusiastic "call" and very happily said: "It is against my rule to appear before the curtain and dissociate myself from the colleagues who have contributed so much to the success of the engagement; but I break through my custom in obedience to your kind call, and take this opportunity to thank you for your generous reception of us during our short stay. It is rather late, and, as you may perceive, I am somewhat out of breath, so I will content myself with assuring you, in the words of Bob Sackett (his character in the play of "Brighton"), that the more and more I see of you the more and more I love you." Mr. Wyndham and his company have met with the same success during their Western trip as in New York.

FOR the recent performance of Victor Hugo's "Le Roi s'Amuse," at the Theatre Française, there were over 4300 applications for places. The seating capacity of the theatre is only 1800.

MISS EFFIE ELLSLER, the original "Hazel Kirke," severs her connection with the Madison Square Theatre, at the close of the present season. She will then "star."

MR. FLORENCE has one of the most valuable theatrical libraries in the country.

THE late production of "The Poor Gentleman" at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, by Mr. Joseph Jefferson and company, was a rare treat. As "Dr. Ollapod," Mr. Jefferson was delightfully humorous, the actor and his art being entirely forgotten in the extreme naturalness of the portrayal—the scenes with Mrs. Drew as the "Hon. Miss Lucretia McTab," developed the full possibilities of high comedy. The supporting cast were notably excellent, the work of Messrs. Robinson, Waverly and Ringgold and Miss Wood being especially commendable. The play was handsomely set, the audience was of the highest class, very large in number and highly appreciative, and in its entirety the occasion was one to be remembered with great pleasure and satisfaction. Mr. Jefferson had not appeared as "Dr. Ollapod" for twenty years.

MR. JOAQUIN MILLER's rustic drama of "49," improved and revised by Mr. Leonard Grover, has been successfully presented by Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin during the past year. It forms the holiday attraction at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

A LATE Saturday in New York was a remarkable one for its attractions and their enormous money returns. Mme. Patti's matinée of "Traviata," at the Academy of Music, netted over \$10,000. The afternoon performance of Mme. Nilsson, at Steinway Hall, secured \$6000, and the two performances of Mrs. Langtry, at Wallack's, added more than \$4000 to the receipts of her prosperous engagement.

THE "Passion Play," in spite of the protests of the public and the condemnation of theatrical managers, will soon be presented in New York. The "Nazarene" is to be impersonated by a Mr. W. M. Wannemacher, of Philadelphia, who studied for the ministry, but gave it up and became a temperance lecturer. No professional actor will take part.

THE first theatre in America to adopt the electric light is the Bijou Theatre, Boston. The Edison incandescent light is the one chosen, and it will be used for all the purposes of illumination. Six hundred sixteen-candle power lamps are contracted for, of which three hundred and fifty will be used in the chandelier of the dome alone. There will be no footlights; but, as a substitute, an arch of one hundred and eighty lamps will be placed immediately behind the proscenium arch. This system of illumination has proved quite satisfactory at the Savoy Theatre, London.

THE CORRECT THING FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

FULL evening dress is the ticket, and the earlier you begin to make your calls the more your taste in dress will be noticed if you adopt the following rules:



ATTENTION! COMPANY!

Wear a big, colored stone of some sort in the middle of your shirt-front.

A very stiff stand-up collar is best, as it prevents you from forgetting to wear your elbows at the fashionable side-angle.

The collar should be of linen. Cuffs may be paper or celluloid, provided the buttons are very large.

White choker, crush-hat, pink gloves, patent-leather Oxfords and black silk stockings complete the costume.

If you are a politician, and wish to conciliate the Irish vote, carry a green silk handkerchief. Otherwise red silk will do.



BY PLATOON—SALUTE!

No overcoat is allowable under any circumstances, no matter how cold the weather may be.

You must have a carriage, of course. The kind most generally used are four-wheelers, with seats for ten on a side; driver in front and footman behind.

The code of bell-signals as agreed upon by the best society everywhere is of great importance.

An eligible young man of moderate means, who has never been married, should pull the bell three times *andante con moto*. If very rich and correspondingly more eligible, he may pull *fortissimo* as many times as he likes.



FALL IN FOR RATIONS!

Old bachelors and widowers are entitled to four pulls as hard as they can drive.

A married man with his encumbrances still in this world, pulls once *pianissimo*, and goes promptly away if the door is not opened immediately.

Send up a full deck of cards, for the lady may have friends receiving with her, and they will want one apiece, in addition to the usual chromos.

Have something fresh to say when you greet your hostess on entering the room. "Hope I see you well," is entirely new, very original and extremely elegant. Repeat it on being introduced to the other ladies.

If your hostess simply bows without extending her hand, you are to insist on shaking hands with her.

A graceful bow is very easy if you have the confidence which will naturally result from being dressed as pre-



RALLY BY TWOS!

scribed above. For first, second and third positions of a perfect bow, see figures 1, 2 and 5.

It is very important to keep the backs of your hands turned to the front, and to bend your elbows outward. Heels together, toes well turned out.

If you sit down, place yourself on the extreme edge of the chair and hold your hat with both hands between your knees.

Should you secure a *tête-à-tête* with one of the ladies prolong it as much as possible, especially if other callers are coming and going in rapid succession. Ladies greatly enjoy being monopolized by one man at such times, if he happens to be the right one, which you will assume to be the case with you.



PARADE DISMISSED.

If refreshments are offered, eat and drink all you can get. It is considered a mark of refinement.

In taking your leave shake hands all round again, especially if the ladies assume a somewhat distant or repellent air. They merely want to test your good breeding and self-possession.

Walk backwards in leaving the room. It is very "swell," but not absolutely necessary to go down the front steps in the same manner.

Follow these directions implicitly, and society will long remember you.

S. O'THRETELLE.